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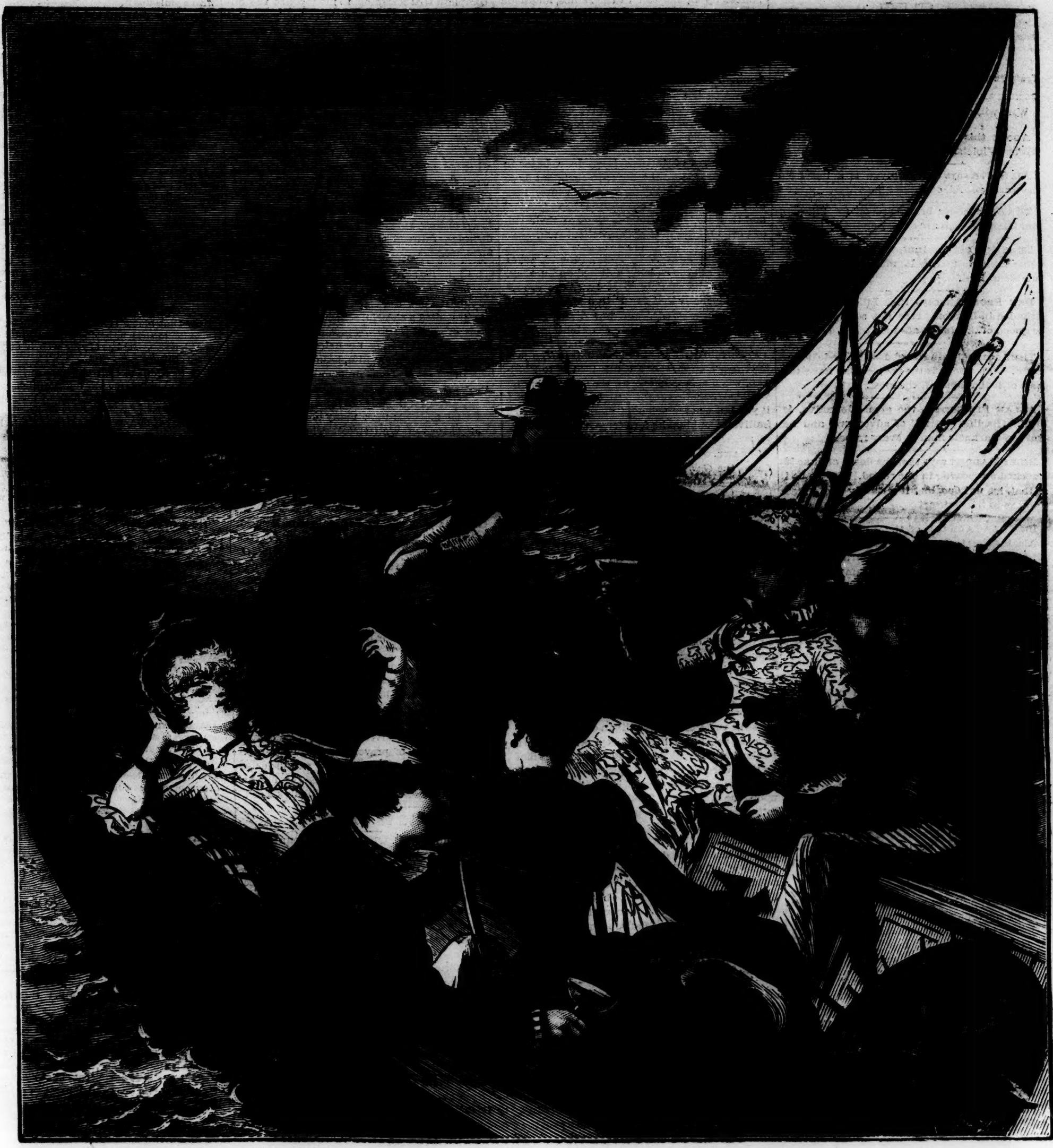
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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LADIES' DAY ON THE SOUND.

HOW THE BELLES OF NEW YORK AND WESTCHESTER COUNTY ENJOYED THEMSELVES AT A NOVEL REGATTA OF THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, July 19, 1884.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

Who will care for Johnnie now?

ABOUT this time plant the man who sings "Sweet Violets."

AL SMITH says that Sullivan is a liar from the word go. Al ought to know.

THE Democratic braves are off for Chicago, and the hotel men are correspondingly joyful.

THAT dear old chestnut, the cholera scare, has come around again. It may as well take a tumble to itself.

DAN FROHMAN says that Lillian Russell is stranded in London. It is not so profitable to be queen of the dudes, after all.

THEY are beginning to abuse the trade dollar again. As a rule, it is the people who have the least of it that abuse it the most.

ALLAN PINKERTON, the great detective, is dead. His life was full of adventure and he was a remarkable man in every respect.

BILLY MADDEN says that the fiasco of June 30 knocked out boxing in one round. Not so bad as that, let us hope, but it certainly did much damage to the fistie art.

BROTHER TALMAGE, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, is going to the country for rest and recreation. Poor man! His legs and arms must be tired after his winter gymnastic campaign.

THE plumbers' lockout is ended, and the gentle plumber will again devastate the land with his little bills. Surprising what a unanimity of feeling there is when the public is to be fleeced.

THE supplies for the support of pauper emigrants at Castle Garden have been shut off. About time. New York has been obliged to support the pauper scum of Europe quite long enough.

A FIREWORKS store was set on fire the other day by the rays of the sun striking through a plate-glass window. A number of small boys were knocked out of a good deal of Fourth of July sport.

ERNEST GYE, the English Impresario, is to be manager of the Metropolitan Opera House next season. Little by little we are getting even with the tyrant representatives of an effete monarchy.

A TOULON physician says that cholera can be cured by the inhalation of pure oxygen. That settles the case of the unfortunates who live in the tenement house districts, where such a thing as pure oxygen is unknown.

THE Italian padrone system has been revived the victims now being men who are sold into slavery in their native country. Slavery, evidently, did not die with the war, but the authorities should put a speedy end to this nefarious business.

A BRUTAL outrage was perpetrated in East Twenty-fourth street, last Tuesday night, when a respectable girl was dragged into a stable and assaulted by two negroes and a white man, the latter alleged to be the nephew of an ex alderman. No punishment can be too severe for villains such as these. Let an example be made of them, and let it be made speedily.

CREMATORIES are being built in different parts of the country, and cremation is daily becoming more universal. With the thermometer in New York at 95 degrees the city is a crematory where people are burned up before they die.

No solution yet of the mystery of Mr. Warner's death. The detectives should bestir themselves. It is not pleasant to reflect that the dead body of a man may be left in a public thoroughfare and all traces of his companions be forever lost.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, our Minister at the Court of St. James, was compelled to abandon his Fourth of July dinner on account of an attack of the gout. Too much British port and high living. It is thus that England gets her revenge on 1776.

THE Park Commissioners have decided to give Sunday concerts in Central Park. This is a sensible move. Sunday is the workingmen's holiday and it should be made attractive for them. The days of blue laws and canting hypocrisy have passed.

CARPENTER, the wife murderer, must have them pretty bad. One night last week he started up in his cell in the Tombs, and upon being asked what was the matter said he had seen the ghost of Christine Cox. Trying to work the insanity dodge, evidently.

THE Neptune House, that has been one of the landmarks at Rockaway Beach for over twenty years, was burned to the ground last Wednesday. If the old walls could have spoken, what stories they might have told of jolly days and nights the sports had spent there.

THE Mayor of Hartford is out in a letter in which he says that the Seventh regiment boys did not misbehave themselves. Of course they didn't. Their regimental motto is "Pro patria," and they are too patriotic to disgrace their colors, even for the sake of Connecticut rum.

THE New York Daily News, June 23, says: "In regard to the article published on Tuesday, headed 'Patton's Failure at Law,' we are requested to state that Mr. Patton was innocent of the charge made, and was discharged by Commissioner Shields upon examination."

PRESIDENT GIBBS, of the Manhattan Temperance Association, sent a blank pledge to Sullivan, when he was here, with the request that he would sign and return it. He has not received it yet, but what a splendid "terrible example" Sullivan would make for a temperance meeting.

SPEAKING of the Madison Square Garden fiasco, the Graphic says:

The crowd gathered to see a genuine prize fight, and that they would have seen had not the champion been drunk. In other words, the laws that govern New York permit prize-fighting in public and to a two-dollar crowd, though they prohibit such prize-fighting as takes place for the gratification of the low classes.

There is a good deal more truth than poetry in the remarks of our sprightly contemporary.

SULLIVAN'S SOAK

The fistie fizzle at the Madison Square Garden on the night of June 30 was a disgrace to pugilism and the man whose drunken debauch brought it about. It was on a par with the Ross-Courtney fiasco at Oak Point on May 30, and hereafter Sullivan and Courtney must be rated at the same caliber. Courtney did not row because he was a coward; Sullivan did not spar because he thought so little of keeping faith with a public that has loaded him down with favors that he permitted all the worst elements of a coarse nature to get the better of him, and appeared upon the platform a fuddled, helpless and besotted drunkard. A reputable carmen have boycotted Courtney. The same treatment should be applied to Sullivan. He deserves no sympathy and has forfeited all right to respect. And the worst of it is that, through his disgraceful action, he has given a set-back to boxing exhibitions which cannot fail to be injurious.

It was an outrage that the vast throng of people who crowded the Madison Square Garden should have been imposed upon by the fiasco which awaited them. They had paid their money, expecting to see a great match. Instead, they were confronted with the spectacle of a maudlin drunkard mumbling incoherent apologies in a thick, rum-tied voice. And yet this man was willing to accept his share of the gate money and go back to Boston with over \$2,000 in his pocket—the payment for having made a beast of himself. It was claimed that he offered to donate this amount to some charitable institution. In refutation of this, Al Smith, his manager said to a reporter: "Sullivan lied point-blank when he said he proposed to turn over the receipts to a charitable institution."

Mr. Sullivan is welcome to his \$2,000, if with any sense or feeling of decency he can keep it. He has deceived and outraged a public that has

been invariably kind to him. Of his strength and skill as a boxer there can be no question but he has forfeited all consideration by failing to be a square man. There is no excuse, no palliation for the outrage. The match had been in contemplation for some time, and Sullivan was fully aware of what was before him. He knew, also, that the affair would be certain to attract an immense audience, and that the receipts would be large. In the face of these facts, and knowing the disappointment he would cause, he deliberately became intoxicated to such an extent that he was almost unable to stand, let alone to spar. He has forever disgraced himself in the eyes of the general and the sporting public. Hereafter, his field of action must be confined to his own bar-room. The public wants no more of him.

Six sober, trustworthy and sedate men have seen a fifty-foot-long sea-serpent off Georgetown, Mass. The silly old chestnut has evidently turned up with the usual regularity. It will now be in order to see him off different portions of the coast where summer hotels and boarding-houses are located.

RUD. ARONSON, the founder of the Casino, is again in trouble. Some of the stockholders complain that he wants to monopolize the entire management of the concern in his own interest, and one of their number has sued out an injunction. Too bad. The Casino has been made a paying investment largely through young Aronson's endeavors, and it would be unwise to jeopardize its continued financial success by legal complications.

"THE Knickerbocker Ready-Reference Guide," published by the National Railway Publication Company, No. 40 Bond street, is a particularly valuable book at this season, when so many want to get out of the dust and heat of the city for a short time. It gives an alphabetically arranged list of one thousand points within fifty miles of New York, with all information as to distance, railroad and steamboat time-tables, fares, etc.

THE DIFFERENCE

John B. Cole, the ex-clerk of the "L" road, who invented a cheerful scheme for robbing the roads of about \$100,000 by means of forged tickets, is a rising young financier, whose career has, unfortunately for him, been nipped in the bud. There is a strong probability that he will languish behind prison bars for some time to come. And yet he was not much worse in his financial methods than many of the so-called money kings of Wall street. The only difference is that they commit their thefts in an alleged respectable manner and on business principles.

A JUST DOOM

Carpenter, the wife murderer, is to be hanged. It took the jury only ten minutes to decide upon a verdict, and, if the process of law is not thwarted by the culprit's suicide, he will expiate his crime upon the gallows. The murder of his innocent wife was cruelly brutal and premeditated, and he should hang for it. The jury could have rendered no other verdict, and the sooner the brute is put out of the world the better it will be for society at large. It is to be hoped that the women will not gush over him after their usual custom. The more brutal the murder the greater hero does the murderer become in the estimation of the silly women who load him with bouquets and delicacies and make fools of themselves generally. Of course there is no way of preventing this silly nonsense, but Carpenter committed a murder so cruel and dastardly that it would seem even the silly women might let him alone in his cell.

SAFE TRAVELING

THE rapidity with which all the country resorts are filling up with guests from the cities is wonderful, and landlords certainly have no reason to complain of lack of business. The most reasonable hypothesis upon which to account for this state of affairs is the ease by which the resorts can be reached, and the comfortable manner in which travelers are conveyed. In fact, railroad travel is to-day the luxury of the age. In former times both comfort and safety were lacking to a great extent, but now both are so assured that there is no safer or more comfortable place than the railroad car. The Pennsylvania Railroad has recently adopted Westinghouse's new switch-shifter, an automatic contrivance by means of which one man in a tower controls a long line of the road. The Pittsburg papers are enthusiastic over the new arrangement, and have devoted column articles to its description. The Pennsylvania Railroad now offers more luxurious coaches, more romantic routes and safer travel than any other route in the United States. Their book of routes is worth reading, and can be had upon application at any of the offices of the company.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit Cullied from Many Sources.

WHERE do all the gray-haired spinsters go when they dye?

"I AM a man of enter-pries," remarked the burglar as he inserted his Jimmy into the safe-lock.

THE maiden's prayer: That she may make a man before any of her female acquaintances.

THE new name for a baby show is a "congress of kids." If the other congress was only composed of kids!

WOMEN will never do on the fire department, where they are compelled to expose a long stretch of hose.

UMBRELLA merchants are fleeing from New South Wales, where there has been no rain for twelve months.

A WOMAN in Germantown, Pa., has deserted her husband because he persisted in playing on the trombone.

AT present, the drug stores of Yonkers each have a fizzle regularly in attendance to treat love-sickness. So-da do.

A TEXAS notice reads: "Lost or strade, a Sorral horse to wite feat and white fase. Blind in onl five dollar reward."

PEARL buttons are made from pintadina shells. When the weather gets cooler we'll tell you what a pintadina is.

"No, I'm not drunk," said the delegate, "but I've had a political breakfast this morning—three cocktails and a cigar."

"HARD workers are never troubled with insomnia," says a physician. Very true; look at the hard-worked policeman.

THE great events in the life of a Chicago man are his first trousers, his first love, his first wife, his first baby and his last divorce.

THE advertisement of the "Princess Corset" says it has 500 bones. That corset ought to change its name to the "Shad." Of Corset had.

JONES says the landlady at his boarding-house acts real cold toward him, and he doesn't know of anything he has done except to ask for another "dose of pie."

A SCHOOL-TEACHER in Lawrence, Mass., recently fell heir to \$30,000. She immediately bought a ton of pure, assorted spruce gum, and retired for the rest of her life.

A CHICAGO girl left her slipper at a newspaper office in that city by mistake, and the nasty mean reporters mounted it on wheels and took a ride out into the suburbs.

Now that black stockings are the fashion, it is not safe to steal up behind your wife and surprise her with a kiss. Instead of your wife, it may be the colored cook.

"HE has gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns," is the way it was written, but it was not with feelings of unmixed pleasure that the writer saw it in the paper as "burn."

MRS. MINERVA JUDGE, of New York, has instituted a "Cash Girl's Home." A cash girl—provided she has plenty of it—should have no difficulty in finding a man to give her a home.

MCDONALD, of Indiana, wears his whiskers cut low in the neck, so that the beholder's first impression is that he wears a hair undershirt, with the bang showing above the collar.

"How Webster saw the sea-serpent" is the title of a chapter now going the rounds. It really seems as if those old scandals about the great statesman's personal habits would never die.

A ROOSTER has been born with only one wing in Dooly county, Ga., in order to give a paragraphist an opportunity to say that it resembles some chimneys—i. e., it has a defective fiew.

A YOUTH who asks how to make a mustache come out is respectfully informed that although there are several ways, the surest way is to pull out each particular hair with a pair of pliers.

"THAT, sir, is a dessert," said the waiter to a Hoosier who was about to reach for something on the table. "I don't care if it is a wilderness," was the answer, "I'm going to eat it all the same."

WARM weather is here, and the rich will hie themselves to the seashore and mountains, while the poor will stay at home and have the most fun by watching the girls being crushed on the doorsteps.

DAUGHTER of the house (to a gentleman with whom she had been flirting desperately the whole evening, in a whisper on his taking leave)—Next Tuesday I shall be at home the whole afternoon! Visitor—So shall I.

"WHAT won't they get next! Here's a place in the paper about table microscopes. What are they for?" asked Smythe's landlady. "Oh, to put on the table for your boarders to find the strawberry with in your shortcake," replied Smythe.

A YOUNG lady from New York, who is visiting friends in Wethersfield, saw a yoke of oxen going by the house, and said: "Oh, how I would like a good fresh drink of milk from those cows!" She is mortally afraid of cows, and coming on one suddenly one day she was too frightened to run: so poking her parasol at the beast, she stuttered out: "Lie down, sir; lie down!"

"WHAT is the charge against this man?" asked the Judge of the policeman who had just brought a man out of the bull-pen into his august presence. "Forgery, your honor." "What is your occupation, sir?" asked the Judge. "I am a blacksmith, yer honor." "You are discharged," said the Judge. "Your occupation is a laudable one, sir, and you have a perfect right to do a little forging once in awhile."

"DAD, were you ever a fish?" The individual thus addressed lowered his chin and gazed over his spectacles at the boy in speechless astonishment. "Oh, don't get mad at me, dad, for asking you," continued his inquisitive offspring. "Mrs. Cooley came in after you had gone yesterday and asked me what she would do if you were dead, and ma laughed and said she guessed there was just as good salmon in the sea as you are."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Some of the Gossip of the Square About the Season.

What the Actors are Doing During the Summer Vacation—Their Frolics and Their Mishaps.

LAURENT.—The kind of musical critics they are in New Orleans may be inferred from the fact that they consider Henri Laurent a great tenor.

GOODWIN.—Nat Goodwin has been sued in San Francisco for \$30,000. A commission in lunacy has been appointed to examine the plaintiff in the case.

STRAUSS.—And now it is announced that Johann Strauss talks of coming to this country next year—as if the threatened visit of cholera were not bad enough.

STEVENS.—John A. Stevens calls his latest play "A Christmas Gift." It is supposed to be of an autobiographical character, as the only thing Stevens ever gives away is himself.

DISTRUST.—The new play, "Distrust," is said to have been really written by Charlie Collins, of the Criterion, and is said to embody his views on the momentous subject of Actors' Credits.

BROWNE.—George F. Browne, once an actor, is dying in Arkansas. His state is considered hopeless, it being reported that he rashly partook of one of his own Welch rabbits some time ago.

BELGARDE.—The young Harlem Hebrew who calls herself Adele Belgarde, indignantly says she isn't twenty-five years of age—or anything like it. Great Caesar! Can it be possible she is forty?

LEE.—It is noticed by captious persons that Harry Lee (Rosenzweig) comes between Effie Elster and her husband, Frank Weston, on the announcement of the Elster starring tour for next season.

HARRIOTT.—It is said that, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, "Freddie Harriott," present husband of Miss Clara Morris—was not a member of the "Naked Queen" ballet at the Cosmopolitan.

BEECHER.—Miss Rosalba Beecher, a very clever young singer, is said to be a niece of Henry Ward of that ilk. Luckily she is a Beecher in name only. Otherwise, what scandals would she not revel in.

EYRE.—Sophie Eyre, the handsome and competent young actress who replaces the mature Coghlan in Wallack's company, rather warmly declares she is not a sister of Gerald Eyre. We should hope not.

ELMORE.—Mrs. Florence Elmore has been granted a divorce from her husband, Mr. George Colingwood. Need it be added that Miss Florence Elmore is an actress who hopes to go starring next season?

GENEROUS.—Rhea closed her season at Detroit and generously divided the entire receipts for the evening among her company. Her leading man got \$1.50 and the advance agent 75 cents. It was an act of almost princely liberality.

HARRIGAN.—"Pop" Harrigan, the surly and disagreeable old person who made almost as many personal enemies as his son has friends, has been kicked out of the Theatre Comique box-office. His loss will be the Comique's eternal gain.

HENDERSON.—Alexander Henderson is going to send another English burlesque company to "work" the United States. His wife, Lydia Thompson, will not come, but will in all probability be represented by one of her granddaughters.

MARA.—An incredible rumor prevails that Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., widow of the well-known American actor of that name—is going to marry a chap named Mara, whose habits and manners caused him to be hunted out of New York.

BELASCO.—Every decent and well-conducted newspaper in town reprehends the extraordinarily bad taste of the "gag" which "kept Belasco's name before the public" by announcing, falsely, that his little son had fallen out of the window and been killed.

MAEDER.—Fred. Maeder has been run away with and has had his arm broken. Persons who have had to sit out his plays look on the accident, with some justice, as the work of a retributive Providence. Frank Maeder lit on his cheek and made quite a dent in the ground.

STAFFORD.—It is gravely announced that "the first company to go out on the road next season will be that of William Stafford." It would be something more than a mere coincidence if "the first company to come in from the road next season" were to be that of William Stafford also.

WILTON.—Ellie Wilton is going starring. Her chief recommendations are that she can't act, can't be heard over ten feet from the stage, and was a beautiful young woman years and years ago. On these grounds—the invariable reasons for theatrical success, nowadays—she ought to do very well.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell is on her way back from Europe, accompanied by all the members of her company except Teddy Solomon, and will shortly appear at the Casino under her whilom manager, John McCaull. McCaull must be in a pretty bad way if he has to fall back on a lady fitting Lillian.

SUTTON.—Mr. James Sutton is an actor of the variety school. He had a very pretty lady-like wife. She poisoned herself last week because of Mr. Sutton's cruelty to her. Mr. Sutton will, in all likelihood, have another consort before the month is out, and be enthusiastically received by thousands of admirers.

MELVILLE.—Emily Melville, having been abroad for several years, and having been forgotten by the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation, is on her way home to bewitch the audiences of the present day with her youth and beauty—neither of which qualities have decreased during the past half century.

LEWIS.—Catharine Lewis has been discharged from the company with which she was connected in New Orleans on the ground that she was not decently dressed as *Mlle. Lange*, in a production of "La Fille de Mme. Angot." It is shrewdly suspected that this is a "gag" set up to draw a big house. The costume vested

"indecent" by a comic operatic manager must indeed be "loud."

ARLINGTON.—Maggie Arlington has refused a part offered her in the cast of the "Seven Ravens," to be soon produced at Niblo's. Miss Arlington (who has been photographed lately, half wrapped up in a bed-sheet), is thought to have scornfully rejected the Kira-fys' proposition, because it involved her wearing a costume no smaller than a big-leaf.

BARNES.—J. H., better known as "Handsome Jack" Barnes, has been engaged to do leading business next season at the Union Square theatre. Barnes has got almost as much abloom as our own late lamented De Bellville, and is said, per consequence, to be able to knock the viscera out of the contemporary drama.

DOTTI.—As an offset to many of the disasters and calamities with which we are threatened next season it is pleasant to learn that Mlle. Dotti has nobly agreed not to return to America, but will spend two years in Paris learning, if possible, how to sing. She ought to receive some substantial token of popular regard for this.

LEVITY.—John Stetson heard his stage manager the other day request a company at rehearsal not to show any levity at night. "Thundering Moses!" cried John (in even more emphatic language than that), "I'll bounce the first man, woman or child, that shows anything but what's down on the programme. Levity indeed!"

SALVINI.—The latest "gag" with which young women struggling for fame on the stage achieve notoriety (the same thing), is their announcement that they are not going to marry Signor Salvini. Three-fifths of the walking ladies unengaged for next season have issued this pronouncement, and Salvini is correspondingly grateful and delighted.

DE BELLVILLE.—Fred. De Bellville has generously refused to accept any engagement for next season on the admirable ground that he intends to go to Europe and visit his parents, whom he has not seen for seventeen years. De Bellville will be seen off by all his ex wives and their present husbands—for whose accommodation six tug-boats have already been chartered.

SARGENT.—A lawsuit is threatened between Harry Sargent and W. W. Kelly, over the managerial ownership of Janisch, the latest Hungarian Countess of Jewish extraction who is going to star on the American stage next season. Judging from the dismal failure Rhea has made up to the present, these two good and great men seem to be squabbling over a mere trifle.

MORRISSEY.—Jimmy Morrissey is going to manage Rhea next season. This is as it ought to be, and each of the high contracting parties will please accept our hearty congratulations. Rhea will be quite safe from affront at Jimmie's hands. Morrissey, by the way, has been buying more real estate in Minneapolis. It is rumored that he is going to present the town with a public park.

COGHLAN.—Elly Coghlan is to accompany her sister to Europe. Elly is a pretty girl, whose marriage was immensely celebrated a little while ago. Then she went on the stage—in a fifth-rate part—in Princess Ida, at the Fifth Avenue theatre, and achieved a mild and melancholy fizzle. Perhaps the usual trouble in the Coghlan family has broken up the charming and ingenious Elly.

CARLETON.—W. T. Carleton, the airy and arrogant barytone of the McCaull company, has determined on dissipating the money he has been carefully and frugally accumulating during the last ten years. He is going to take out an English comic operatic company of his own. That is about as short a cut to insolvency as a man can hit upon nowadays. It beats even speculating in Gould railroad stocks.

CROWLEY.—According to the English newspapers, a Miss Marion Crowley is "America's greatest sensational actress." The POLICE GAZETTE has never heard of Miss Marion Crowley and refuses to believe that there lives anywhere to-day a sensational actress greater than Fanny Janauschek. Fanny measures four feet round, and weighs nearly four hundred pounds. If this isn't true greatness, what is?

PIPER.—Bill Mestayer's "Madame Piper" having turned out the gloomiest failure ever known on the New York stage, John Stetson has expressed a desire to get hold of it. Either Stetson hates being solitary in his sorrows, or he believes that two Jonahs make one Mascotte, on the grammatical principle that two negatives make an affirmative. In any case it is pleasant to learn that John has still got a little money to throw away.

OLCOTT.—Among the impending calamities of next season is the threatened "return" to the stage of Miss Lillian Olcott, a young lady who so far as human ingenuity can discover, has never played out of Brooklyn, where she was born, and by the press of which she was pronounced about as tart as the first green gooseberry of spring. Luckily, it is a presidential campaign year, and the Olcott boom will die very, very young—in its infancy, in fact.

WALLACE.—Mrs. Zelda Seguin Wallace is going to take an opera company out next season, which will not have any chorus. Mrs. Seguin seems to forget that a good deal of chorus and a very little costume are the two conditions of success in opera. She would do a great deal better to take round a company that was all chorus and had no principals. The proper place for the leading singers of operatic music is the freaks' department of a dime museum.

MESTAYER.—It is reported that Bill Mestayer's "benefit" at Wallack's theatre netted him \$1.65. This is a good deal more than Billy was entitled to expect. If he had guaranteed to retire permanently from the stage, there is no doubt the benefit would have been more popularly sustained. As it is, if Billy really needs money to build his new theatre with, he ought to go and exhibit his cheek at the Brighton Beach Dime Museum. It would be regarded as a phenomenon even by a Coney Island privilege-owner.

CASTLETON.—Kate Castleton has bought a splendid mansion in Oakland, California. She bought it, as she did her diamonds, out of a weekly salary of \$125. Luckily, Kate's professional wardrobe is so small that three changes can be carried in a handbox. Possibly it is by such economy in the matter of clothes that she is able to purchase a palace. This is like Maggie Arlington, who is so saving of her money that when she sits for her photograph she has to borrow a sheet to conceal a few of her ample charms from the artist, and who, in consequence, is able to own some of the loveliest diamonds in New York.

MEXICO'S WOMAN BANDIT.

How She Murdered Fellow-Passengers and Held Wealthy Men Prisoners for Ransom.

La Caramboda, the woman brigand, long a terror to travelers in Mexico, is dead at last, with a bullet in her heart. Her operations extended over a number of years, and were of the most daring description. For a long time the authorities found it very difficult to trace or even to explain the crimes which she committed, for no one suspected that a woman was the guilty person. No two of her robberies were committed in the same manner. Sometimes she was a passenger, and at other times she was with the bandits, and took part in the shooting if any was to be done. A woman of some personal charms when appropriately dressed, she was a find when about her business of murder and pillage, whom very few cared to encounter. Her male assistants were many and devoted.

One of her schemes, it has been learned, was to bide her time in some town until she found one or two men of means who were going by the diligence to some distant point, and then to take passage with them. It is suspected that on more than one occasion she took the driver into her confidence, but when this could not be done, she readily deceived him or quieted him with a bullet. A perfect mistress of the art of dissimulation, and possessing a soft and insinuating manner, she had no difficulty in working herself into the good graces of travelers who did not look for a Mexican bandit under her attractive guise. In this way she easily discovered who had money and valuables and who had not. If she found a man who appeared to be of some consequence, but who did not have much money, she betrayed him into the hands of her confederates, who held him for a ransom. If her victim proved to be well supplied with cash, he usually met a violent death within twenty-four hours.

Leaving a town before daybreak in company with two travelers whom she had marked for robbery, she would coyly accept the customary innocent attentions at their hands, and perhaps indulge in a little conversation with them. An hour later, when well on their journey, watching her opportunity, she would draw two revolvers, and before they could detect her movement, lodge a bullet in the back of each of them. The driver, busy with his team, and perhaps paid not to be too attentive to what was going on behind him, would not disturb her. With her booty secure, she would take her own time about leaving the stage, always waiting until a point convenient to the fastness of some of her confederates was reached.

When the woman found that she was suspected, she abandoned this plan of operations, and, remaining with the robber band to which she was attached, devoted the greater part of her time to the abduction of wealthy agriculturists. Her plan in these cases was very much the same as in her stage robbery enterprises. First winning the confidence of her intended victim and getting him involved in some intrigue, she would betray him at the proper time into the hands of her associates, who would spirit him away and presently open negotiations for his return. While these were in progress she would be busy setting her net for a fresh victim a hundred miles away.

La Caramboda's latest exploit was unsuccessful. She was hovering about the San Juanico hacienda with the intention of securing the abduction of Don Civalo Vazquez, or one of his sons, when a fellow who had long served in her train deserted, and communicated her secret to the authorities. They made elaborate preparations to capture her entire party, but failing in this, they made sure of her, and soon had her in irons. Hearing of her fate, her followers determined on a rescue. They pursued the officers for twenty miles, and, overtaking them at Connnadad, opened fire at once. The troops returned the shots and a lively engagement ensued. In the course of which three of the bandits were killed and the others put to flight. When the troops approached their prisoner after the fight they found her dead, presumably from a bullet fired by her own friends. The chains were removed from her limbs, and she was buried by the roadside. One of her captors describes her as a beautiful woman not more than thirty years old, with clear complexion and long and abundant hair, but with a wicked eye and a cruel-looking mouth when in repose.

JAMES LYNCH.

(With Portrait.)

James Lynch, the Albany stone cutter, was born in the City of New York in 1833. "Jimmy" had been victor in many desperate rough-and-tumble fights, but took no pride in his cleverness as a boxer until upon Washington's birthday, in 1881, in a room in the Old Capitol, he met, in the zenith of a mushroom fame, "Dick" Egan, the "Troy Terror," whom Lynch easily knocked out in less than six minutes. Owing to Lynch's retiring disposition, an account of this battle has never been published. Afterward he had a "go" with every boxer of local repute, and "downed" them all. While Mitchell, with his splendid reputation, sparred an engagement in Albany during this summer, Levanthe's theatre was one evening filled with people who had come to see the English Medicine Man knock Lynch out in one round, three to one being freely offered upon Mitchell's ability to keep his agreement. Lynch was in the worst possible condition, while Mitchell was prime, being fresh from his fight with Sullivan. They sparred three rounds before the police interfered, and at the close Mitchell was as badly punished as Lynch, while the latter was better fit to fight than at the opening. Immediately afterward Madden published a card representing Lynch to be as large a man as Sullivan, when in truth his every-day weight is not above 100 pounds. Madden also intimated Mitchell's ability to "do" Lynch easily in four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and to this deft Lynch eagerly responded, doing his best to get on a fight with the English champion for a sufficient purse, but for reasons patent to all who had seen the men set-to Madden would not permit the match to be made. Mr. Lynch is now keeping a sporting house, the "Police Gazette" Shades, at 47 Green street, Albany, N. Y.

WILLIAM BAKER.

(With Portrait.)

William Baker won a recent fight from Mervine Thompson, who, compared with him in size, seems a giant, after a good struggle in which science proved superior to pure physical power. Baker was born in Lockport, N. Y., May 21, 1851, stands 5 feet 8½ inches and weighs 168 pounds in fighting trim. His first local achievement was wrestling the amateur championship from James Brady in three rounds. He stopped Wm. Kern, of Troy, in four rounds, and next bested Mc-

Dermott, the Rochester man, who made things hot for Sullivan for a few rounds. Dennis Hassen, of Louisville, and George Wilson, of Rochester, were stopped by Baker. When Sullivan was in Buffalo Baker sparred with Bob Farrell, who found that the Buffalo boy had good stuff in him. Sullivan and Joe Cyburn both praised Baker's work clear up to the handle. His latest achievement is his knocking out of Thompson, the Rochester giant. Baker's backers are looking for a match with "Prof." John Donaldson. Baker claims the championship of western New York, and is ready to defend it.

LADIES' DAY ON THE SOUND.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Twenty-five flag-adorned sloops of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club hoisted sail for a novel regatta on June 30. Half of the crew of every yacht consisted of women. There was a brisk breeze from the south, as the starting gun, at 2:25, bought fourth a chorus of feminine "Oh, mys!"

The yachts got the wind on the starboard beam. Six young women clung to the starboard rail of the open sloop Rosetta A. as she heeled to port. She bounded merrily over the life. Seven young women on the Nettle Thorp imitated the action of their fellow-countrywomen on the Rosetta A. The other boats followed in this order: Demarest, Maggie, Undine, Mamie H., Gracie (with six young women in blue dresses, with elaborate red collars), Sea Robin, Narnoch, Mamie, Gilt Edge, Odette and Willy, abreast: Nimrod, Lizzie R., Wayotta, Nellie R., Jean, Black Hawk, Vaidie, Flash, Alert, Wacondah and Gilt Blas.

The fleet strung out in the wake of the Rosetta A. like geese after their leader. All the ladies ashore ran to the south side of the club-house, looked on the procession of sun-lighted sails, and said "Oh!" in admiring unison. Then they went back to the marquee and ate ice-cream until the yachts were sighted coming back. The cabin sloops went to and around the buoy at Fort Schuyler, and the open sloops and catboats turned the College Point buoy and the buoy off Fish Point.

The boats came in with the wind on the port beam and the young women on the port rail. The Nettle Thorp led the fleet. Then came Rosetta A., Gracie, Lizzie R., Mamie H., Nellie R., Wacondah, Wayotta, Adele, Black Hawk, Gilt Edge, Maggie, Willy, Narnoch, Gilt Blas, Nimrod, Odette and Alert. The Jean was towed in by a friendly sailboat. The Alert struck her amidships on the port side, just as she was turning the Fish Point buoy, and smashed her port rail. The Alert was sailing with free sheets, and was to blame.

The winners in their classes are the Flash, Nettle Thorp, Maggie, Lizzie R., Wayotta, and Willy.

None of the feminine tars was even dampened by their sail. They were only playing sailors, and taking in the enjoyable part of a life on the ocean wave, without doing any of the hard work. The grow allowance was not forgotten, but was represented by champagne. Every lady at the regatta received a bangle made of a silver dime, with the club's ensign done in enamel on one side. There was dancing at the club-house in the evening.

PATSY CARDIFF.

(With Portrait.)

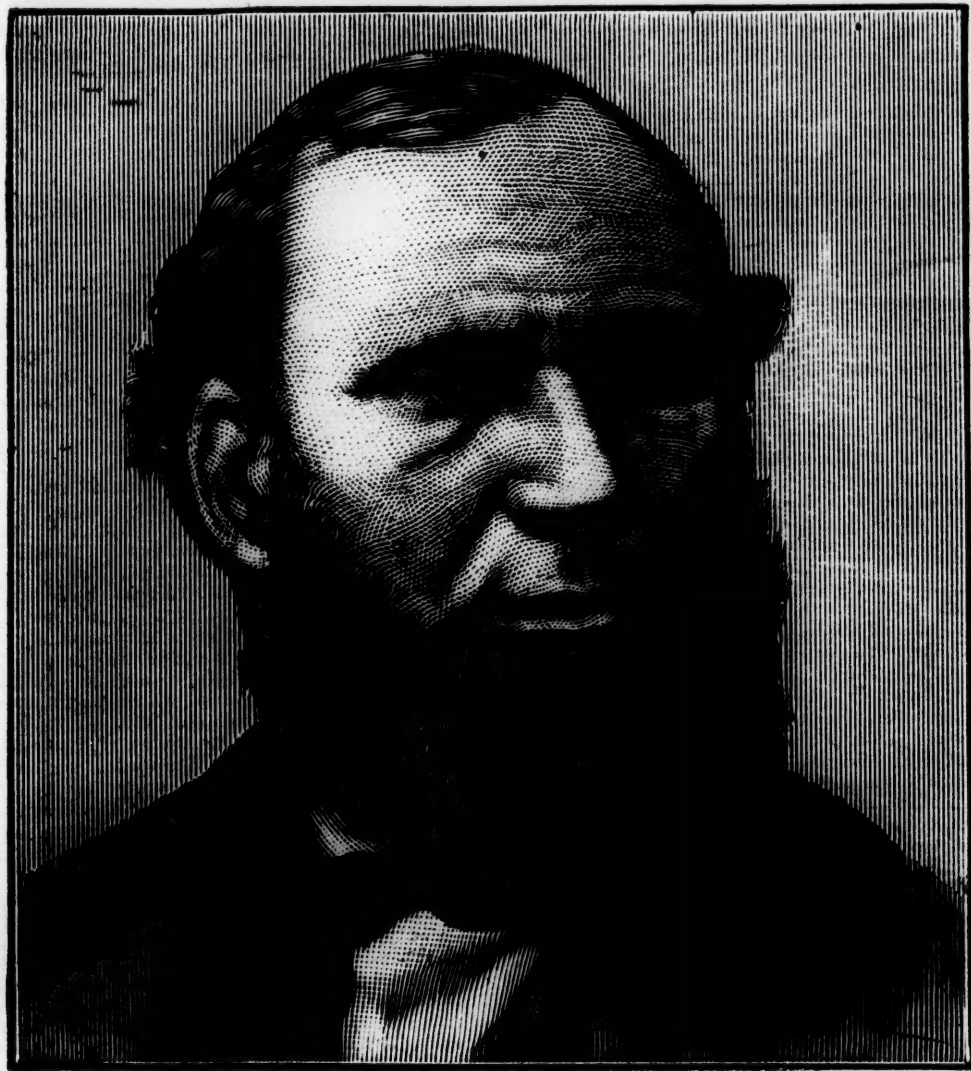
Patsy Cardiff, whose physique is elsewhere illustrated in the GAZETTE, is just now plumed with the honor of vanquishing Jem Goode, the much-talked-of English champion. Goode, through his backer, Parson Davies, offered Patsy Cardiff \$100 to stand before him for four three-minute rounds. Cardiff's backer, Wm. O'Brien, accepted the banter and the pugilist met Monday night, May 25, in the "Wigwam," at Peoria, Ill., where Cardiff has been staying of late. The winner's part of the gate receipts was to be sixty per cent. In view of the fact that Goode had an enviable name as a fighter, and the victory that he had so recently scored over Capt. Dalton, of Chicago, Cardiff at first fought shy of his antagonist. As he warmed up to his work he knocked Goode through the ropes, and bounced him around the ring as will. Goode's eyes were soon closed and the fight was soon a one-sided matter. Goode fought with the desperation of a tiger at bay, and was, in skill, a much superior man to Cardiff. He could not withstand the Herculean thunderbolts that Cardiff rained upon him whenever Goode ventured from the ropes. Cardiff could easily have ended the set-to in the first round, but his friends would not allow him to "knock out" the plucky Englishman, well knowing that it would queer all future sporting events in that city. The gloves used were not as soft as a wind puffing. The house was packed to suffocation. Cardiff is anxious to meet Sullivan, whom he will wage \$5,000 that he can stand before for four three-minute rounds.

Patsy Cardiff is twenty-one years old, and was born in northern Canada, and is of Irish parentage. He strips beautifully at 180 pounds, and is sound as a dollar. He is very much of a gentleman, and is an honor to the pugilistic circle. He is 5 feet 10½ inches high and well muscled. Mr. Sullivan will probably find in Cardiff sterner stuff than he has ever yet attempted to "knock out."

MARRIED HER ABDUCTOR.

The case of the State against Edward Norman, charged with the abduction of Annie Mason, a thirteen-year-old girl, in Nashville, Tenn., was happily terminated June 25 in the marriage of the parties in the court room. Norman's counsel conferred with Norman, Miss Mason and her mother, and soon reported to Judge Allen that the parties were willing to be married. A license was immediately procured. A magistrate was sent for, and upon his arrival the two joined hands and presented themselves before him. They were joined in wedlock in the usual form. The large and deeply interested audience manifesting their approval by loud and prolonged applause. When the cheering had subsided Norman and his youthful bride departed for the home of Mrs. Mason. Judge Allen gave the bride away, and Norman's lawyer acted as his best man.

The circumstances attending the abduction were decidedly novel. Norman, who is a young man of good appearance, went to Nashville several months ago, and becoming acquainted with Miss Mason grew intimate with her. About the 1st of June he appeared at her home one evening and carried her away from his shoulders. Officers were soon on the lookout for him, and telegrams were sent in every direction, but no trace was found until one day, about two weeks ago, when Norman was arrested in Graysville, Ga., and, with the girl, was taken back to Nashville and imprisoned. Miss Mason declared that she had not been ill-treated, and that, as she loved Norman, she would marry him when he was released. She persisted in her determination, and the wedding took place.



ALLAN PINKERTON,

THE AMERICAN VIDOOC, WHO DIED AT CHICAGO JULY 1, 1894.

The Champion's Narrow Escape.

A reporter of the New York Sun states in his report of the Sullivan-Mitchell fizzle:

"A well-known Bostonian says that Sullivan began the spree that incapacitated him from meeting Mitchell on the Wednesday before the match, after the reception of the news of Mitchell's attack of fever and ague. He adds that on Thursday night Sullivan was playing billiards

in McKay & Ingham's Metropolitan pool-room in Boston. Pat Coakley, a well-known sporting man, came in and asked Sullivan to join him in a bottle of wine. The pugilist refused. At the conclusion of the game he walked toward Coakley, saying:

"I'm able to pay for my own wine, and I'd rather drink alone than drink with you."

"You're putting on a good many lugs," Coakley replied. "I knew you, and was your friend



THE CHAMPION'S NARROW ESCAPE

HOW JOHN L. SULLIVAN CAME NEAR BEING KNOCKED OUT BY A SMALL PISTOL-BALL.



THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION

HOW THE LAST NEW DOMESTIC HORRIFIED A DIGNIFIED LONG ISLAND HOUSEHOLD BY HER AIRY STYLING.

when you didn't have a shirt to your back." At this Sullivan rushed for Coakley. McKay interfered, and shoved Sullivan back around the pool-table. He got away and made another rush for Coakley, when the latter drew a double-barreled Remington pistol, 41-caliber. Sullivan would probably have been a dead man had not Jack Carter grasped the pistol by the barrels. Both hammers came down upon the back of his hand, making marks that he carried for days.

"Sullivan continued his spree, and on Friday night got in a row in Billy Mahoney's saloon, No. 21 Lagrange street. There he licked Billy and kicked Mike Gillespie before his friends could get him away.

"His journey from Boston to New York is



JOHN B. COLE,

THE HEAD OF THE CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

described by those who are in a position to know as a continued drunk. He listened to none of his friends, and Al. Smith, his old-time backer, lost all control over him."

Go In, Lemons.

"Lemons are remarkably cheap this year," said the Sunday-school superintendent to the deacon, while they were making arrangements for the annual Sunday-school picnic. "So I hear," answered the deacon; "but why do you mention it?"

"I was thinking," said the superintendent, musingly, "seeing they're so cheap, that it wouldn't be a bad thing to make a new departure at the picnic this year and put some in the lemonade."



AUGUST C. SPETH,

LITHOGRAPHER CHARGED WITH PREPARING THE BOGUS TICKETS.



WILLIAM H. PINDER,

TICKET AGENT ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY WITH COLE.

Consulting the Dream-Book.

Spite of all the efforts of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, policy-shops still flourish in New York. The police may not know it, but other people do. The business is carried on more quietly than formerly, but still the infatuated dabblers in the mystic numbers know where to go to get a slip. One of the peculiarities of the victims of policy is their superstitious reverence for dreams. So general is this the case that in most of the policy-shops a dream-book is part of the paraphernalia of the office. In some it is chained to the desk, and is well

As a boy he was stubborn and impulsive. So much so that at sixteen years of age he was one of the foremost of a gang of horse-thieves, then quartered in that portion of the Berkshire hills and the terror of the surrounding country.

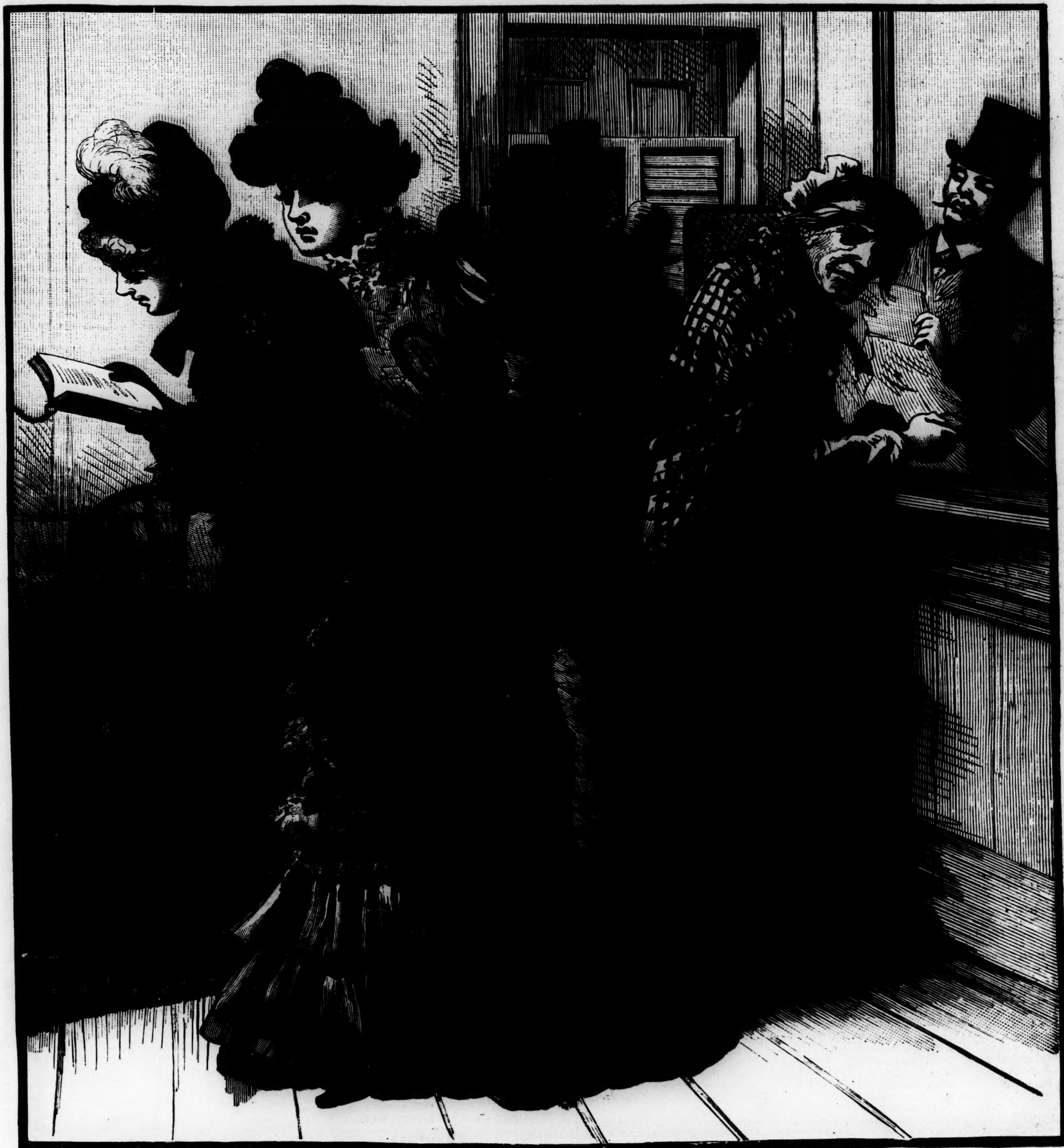
Two years later he was wedded to the buxom daughter of a Hillsdale farmer, whom he abandoned for the sea in about eighteen months, just after she had presented him with a pair of twin sons.

When next heard of he was shipwrecked off the coast of Africa. Here he lingered long enough to enlist the affections of the daughter of an inland African chief, and when he depart-

regained possession of the craft, capturing all on board but Wilson, the man they wanted most.

Then for ten years he abandoned the sea. Immediately after the episode last given, he wandered into the great Southwest and married a Mexican lady with rare attainments and vast wealth. With her he lived in apparent contentment for upward of seven years. Numerous children were born to them, and he seemed intent upon a better life. Finally, in some unknown manner, this woman obtained knowledge of the early marriage with the forsaken farmer's daughter. Wilson was accused of this

because of his lawlessness. After another turn at the sea he ventured into Colorado again and made a fortune at Leadville, only to gamble it away in Cuba. Returning from South America and the Antilles in March, the luck that had favored him so long turned on him at last, and he was robbed of every possession in New York city and his supposed corpse flung into the harbor. Enough life was left to enable him to get back among the Green river mountains once more, where his dead body was found. Stranger hands gave him burial, but his Mexican kinsmen came and stole him away by night. He now rests near the City of Mexico,



CONSULTING THE DREAM-BOOK.

A SCENE IN A POLICY SHOP, NEW YORK—HOW THE MODERN SEEKERS AFTER THE CROCK OF GOLD CLING TO THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE DARK AGES.

fingered by the customers. Our artist has caught a sketch showing a group of dizzy votaries of the blind goddess consulting the book.

John Wilson's Career of Sin.

In sight of his birthplace, John Wilson, a man whose history reads like a romance, died a few days ago, alone and forgotten, by the banks of the stream long since immortalized by Bryant, Lester, Beach and others, the beautiful Green river of northern New York.

ed from the dark continent she, too, was a deserted mother.

In 1830 he joined the British navy, only to desert it when the right moment came. Being a good seaman, promotion was rapid, and he soon became mate of a fine, staunch ship. But brute nature soon asserted itself again, and a few months after the awarding of this last honor he instigated a mutiny, murdered the captain, and bulldozed the crew into open piracy. His career of crime and plunder was short-lived here, for exactly six weeks after the black flag was first run up at his mast-head the British

and denied it stoutly. Convinced that his denial was doubted, he gathered everything available that could be turned into money that night, and the next morning he was gone.

He next turned up in California in the early days of the gold fever, where he accumulated considerable "dust." His conduct was such that in a year he was obliged to leave the Golden State for his personal safety. His money was soon squandered and he took to the sea again, and this time under an assumed name.

He was next identified with the gold mines of Colorado, which he was also obliged to leave

where were spent the most peaceful hours of his life.

It was in a street car. A couple of comely German girls were standing when a sudden jolt threw one of them into the lap of a young man. He expected she would start up and blushing apologize; instead, she calmly turned round, faced him and said: "If you don't mind, sir, I'll stop here." Gretchen kept her seat, and the poor gallant tried to look as unconcerned as possible out of the car window.

THE BROADWAY ROUNDER.

No. VIII.

A CHANGE OF HABIT.

What Came of Taking a Western Man to See the Elephant.

A Short Story with a Long Introduction and a Valuable Moral--Something About the Beer Saloons of New York and the Men who Run Them--Famous Bohemian Resorts.

The other day I saw in that hand-book of modern society, the *Herald*, an advertisement which, though not strikingly grotesque, was at least queer. It wasn't a personal, for the little woman who has the misfortune to own me as a husband takes precious good care that I don't see that column if she can help it. I am not a bad-looking sort of a fellow by any means, even if I do have to struggle with such drawbacks as a slight tendency to squint, an over ruddy complexion, a chromatic tone in my hair and whiskers which incompetent and malicious judges mistakenly call "red," and a figure which in those African tribes who worship what the French call *embonpoint*, would make the most popular idol of the entire lot of sacred rotundities.

But though I am, as I said before, a reasonably good-looking man for a fellow who has to earn his living by the sweat of his forehead, I am nothing like the magnificent phenomenon of masculine comeliness which my wife considers me. Owning up candidly as I do to a belief that there are worse-built fellows than I am, I should be a monster of vanity and egotism if I were to think myself half as handsome as my wife thinks me.

Not that she ever tells me she admires me--unless she wants something of me. On the contrary, she loves to give me stings on the knuckles, metaphorically speaking, when I exhibit any sort of confidence in the remarkable beauty of my appearance. But it is a fact beyond all dispute that she looks upon me as the most fascinating and irresistible of my own sex, and the one object of the envy and admiration of hers.

When we go out walking together she clutches my arm with an air of ownership which there is no gainsaying, and a perpetual flicker of triumph and satisfaction gleams in her eyes. Every woman, be she maid, matron or widow, who happens to glance at me is set down as a "horrid, nasty, forward thing," whose intentions, in my own case, are strictly dishonorable. Nor can one of her most intimate friends allude to me in complimentary terms without being immediately suspected and in due time, most likely, accused of entertaining the most shameless designs upon me.

It is for these reasons, with an equal distrust of my virtue and suspicion of her sex, that my wife, among other protective measures, makes it a rule to cut out the personal column of my *Herald* before it reaches me.

The advertisement which is the text of this sketch was in quite another part of the paper. It was, in fact, among the notifications to landladies headed "Board Wanted." If I remember it right, it was a request to any respectable and well-bred family living in their own house near New York to provide a young man a home where he could learn politeness, civility and worldly wisdom of an elder gentleman.

Now, I don't want to be considered an elderly gentleman yet, but a smug smile crept over my face as I read that advertisement and reflected how very admirably I should fill the bill.

"Lord!" said I to myself. "What a Mentor to ingenious youth couldn't you be, old man! What refinement, what courtesy, what *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre*, as the French put it, couldn't you impart, with excellent board, delightful conversation and agreeable company thrown in?"

But on second thoughts, I didn't answer that heart-rending appeal. Among other reasons, it occurred to me that a young man whose parents, or guardians, had to advertise for an older gentleman, who should not only provide him with three meals a day, but teach him manners and courtesy as well, must be a very rough and rude young man--the kind of young man whose room, to the literal sense, without him would be a good deal better than his company. I insensibly pictured him to myself as the kind of young man who would, on the slightest provocation, damn my highly-respectable eyes--who would, perhaps, come down to dinner in his shirt-sleeves, or, horror of horrors! eat with his knife; the kind of young man who would call me "an old snoozer," spend the evenings with the servant girl in the back kitchen, chew tobacco and expectorate the juice thereof in the parlor-grate, and, in all human probability, come home drunk every night and expect me to carry him up to bed.

To teach a young man like that manners, and courtesy, and refinement, and, above all, to implant in the mind of any such young man budding shoots of the worldly wisdom--which is the one characteristic for which I am deservedly celebrated, and of which I am justly proud--these would be feats so disagreeable to attempt and so hard to accomplish that three times the price of a hall-bedroom, with meals annexed thereto, would hardly pay me for undertaking the job. So I didn't undertake it.

And yet--what advice, what counsel, what information I could have given that young man over his rice-pudding and tea, for I should have put that young man if I had accepted the situation of his moral trainer, on low diet. There is nothing like it for reducing a haughty spirit or refining a gross nature. You can't control, with proper influence, a wild, turbulent and ruffianly disposition, fed fat on roast beef and pudding and bottled beer.

To resume. What "pointers" could not I have bestowed upon him! What "tips" would he not have received from me! How closely would I have wrapped his simple and susceptible nature with the mantle of my own experiences and adventures!

No. Let me recall that latter phrase, or, at least, modify it, in a degree. My own experiences and adventures have not been of a kind to alarm or instruct rude young men. They have been remarkable, on the contrary, for their innocence and freedom from guile.

But I have heard so much of other fellows' experiences--from their own lips. I have received so many confessions. I have listened to so many hair-raising tales. I have been consulted so often and so earnestly that I am forced, in spite of myself, to look upon myself as the universal tutor of youth--the parent and guardian of all the unprotected young men of my acquaintance.

What, for example, in the way of a small, slight, trivial experience could be more interesting, more impressive, or convey a better moral than a recent adventure of my friend, Dick Dowlass, as confessed to me with some hesitation and a great deal of incidental beer at the artistic rendezvous over which Mr. Oscar Pusch amably presides?

Mr. Oscar Pusch, by the way, has got to be, in spite of himself, one of the celebrities of New York, in a certain Bohemian set. Never mind where he keeps his saloon. To tell would be to advertise him, and to advertise him in this sketch would be to commit the one great newspaper sin of treason felony. But there is a Mrs. Oscar Pusch, whose existence is undeniable as that of the planet Mars, or of Mr. Henry Bergh, or of the able-bodied insects in the cushions of the Belt Line cars--or any other extant and demonstrable fact.

Mr. Oscar Pusch keeps a beer-saloon in which the artists of New York meet the newspaper men of New York, and occasionally surprise, between them, some stray millionaire of the German race, who has straggled in there for a quiet stein. For, incredible as it may appear, I have known some of the richest Germans in New York to "shake" the gorgeous establishment of Mr. Delmonico, late in the evening, in order to drop in on Mr. Oscar Pusch and his merry, clever company.

It is strange how freakily and unreasonably the tide of habit sets in the direction of a beer-saloon. All of a sudden a place gets "recognized" as a *habitat*. No ceremonial marks it as the favored resort of the future; but some bright Monday, by general consent, all the brilliant fellows in town gather there, and without one single formality, or without any perceptible inducement, they constitute it their Valhalla.

In most cases the quality of the proprietor hasn't the least influence on the selection. I remember when I was a youngster, how my mouth used to water as I read of the symposia at Gaff's, where George Arnold and Harry Clapp and poor, beautiful Ada Clare and Fitz-James O'Brien and Ned Howe and Willie Winter and Walt Whitman used to make merry and be glad, and fill the scene with intellectual fireworks.

"What a very entertaining man must this Gaff be," said I to myself. "What a store of reminiscences must he cherish! If a cellarer gets the flavor and the color and the joviality of the wine with which he deals, and which he is always handling and tasting, the man who has been the host of those brilliant revelers--he, into whose sober and retentive ear all their jokes and quips and quiddities used to pour--what a treasure-house of wit and pathos must he be!" So one day I went to see the great Gaff, this Pyramid which ought to be filled to its top with balmy mummies of the old days. I saw him--a great big, fat, dull creature with blinking eyes, and a highly respectable sausage-and-sauerkraut manner--a puffy man in his shirt-sleeves, who wears good clothes and pays taxes and eats four or five meals a day, and does it all in his sleep, if you are to judge from his eyes.

"Vinder, Vinder, Vinder, don't know der chendleman? Chorge Arnold? May be dere vas such a man. Ata Clare? Yah! I dink dot vos her name! She vas by a tog bitten, I heardt dell. Yah. Fitz Chames O'Brien? Any relation to Shimmy O'Brien? Nein? Dere vos seferal Irishman come for beer unt most likely he vas dere vunce in a vile. Harry Clapp! Oh! Yah! I know him! He owedt me dirty cents for two hot viskies. Yah! Dot vas zo!"

I could have split his head open with his own bung starter.

However, this is a digression. Well, I was in Pusch's the other night, sitting at a table waiting for somebody to drop in and join me in a round of beer, when my friend Dowlass entered and took the vacant chair.

"You're the very man I want to see."

"Flattered. Beer!"

"Yes! But I'm in earnest. I had an adventure the other day which will give you, as an intelligent newspaper man of the sensational variety, a great subject."

"Fire away."

"Yes--but give me your word you won't mention my name or put my picture in the illustration which will go with it."

"Pon honor! The hero shall be a handsome young fellow, with a fine mustache and a graceful figure. I'll make dead sure it shan't resemble you in the least."

"Thanks!"

(Dick, by the way, is stout, short, wears a close-cropped red beard and eye-glasses, and is the confidential book-keeper of a milling firm on Water street.)

"Go ahead."

"Another beer--and here goes. Well, sir, three nights ago one of our partners introduced me to a Western man in our trade who had come to New York on business, and wanted to see the elephant. He wasn't much gone on the sacred variety, but hankered after the other kind. I needn't tell you, old man, that for some mysterious reason a Western man the moment he strikes New York aches to do the polite to an Eastern girl. It's no use blinking facts, and no matter how strong my own moral prejudices may be, I never waste time trying to convert Western men to them. A 'spree' to them means a spree, and the stiffer and sberer they are at home the hotter the time they have when they're out on a lark. Why, I know a ruling elder--from Burlington, Iowa--but never mind. Let him be."

"Well, sir, my wild Westerner in this particular instance was a dazzling exception to the general rule. He didn't want me to introduce him to a pretty, jolly larkly girl. On the contrary, he wanted to introduce me to a specimen of that kind of article. There were two Chicago ladies who had come on to New York in the same Pullman car with him, and he had become acquainted with them. They were sisters. One was a married woman, the other wasn't. The husband was

a ship captain, whose vessel was on her way back from China, and would arrive in a week or ten days. He had been absent nearly two years from home. The girls were originally from Maine, but during the absence of the Captain they had been residing with relatives in Chicago. They had never been in New York before, and, so he hinted to me, were 'in for fun.'

"He was so enthusiastic about them--so 'gone' on their beauty and wit and jollity, that in spite of my reluctance I consented to an introduction. I invited him to dine with me, and to bring his 'mashes' if they would bear him company. They did--and they bore out all his enthusiastic praises. One was a brunette--the single one. She was a luscious, dark-eyed, soft-voiced, sleepy creature, who looked at a fellow timidly from under her eyelashes, and who blushed every time I spoke to her. Her sister, the captain's wife, was a plump and pleasing blonde, with silky yellow hair, and eyes of the real turquoise blue.

"I fell heels over head in love with the brunette, and my Western friend made no bones about displaying his admiration and affection for her married sister. We dined well. We drank a good deal of champagne and I maraschino and other things--the girls swore they had never touched a drop before. Then went to a leg show and our fair companions were so shocked that they declared they would leave the theatre. But they didn't all the same. Then we had oysters and beer--lots of beer. Then we had beer without oysters--lots of beer again. Then things began to grow a trifle mixed, and we were all overcome by a hideous oblivion of our names and addresses. It was a dreadful predicament--but we got out of it by arranging to see each other home, which was a great feat you'd better believe. Then I lost all consciousness."

"Well, sir, next morning, about daybreak, I awoke in a strange room with a cracking headache. The gas was burning dimly and I saw that the apartment was a rather gorgeous one. I staggered out of bed to look for my watch, in my vest. But my vest had disappeared. Paralyzed with alarm, I sought my other clothes, with equal futility. They had all vanished. I had nothing left but my shirt and socks. As I stood dumfounded by my appalling discovery, I noticed a pile of things on a chair. I looked. They constituted the outfit of a woman. Did you ever hear of such a predicament? It took me half an hour and no end of trouble to scare up a man on the premises. For his own sake he lent me a spare suit. Of course his figure was the exact opposite of mine--but I would have welcomed the costume of a nigger minstrel in these circumstances. I was. Then I struck out for home. Chilly and nervous as I was, I thought I'd drop into an all-night house just around the corner, and tackle some bread. As I entered I heard a woman's voice and loud laughter. I stealthily peeped through the inside door, and saw my modest, coy, diffident brunette--in my clothes--as full as the proverbial goat and 'blowing off' a lot of 'toughs' with as much skill and experience as I could have shown myself. I didn't wait to reclaim my wardrobe, but skipped."

Moral--Always take a second suit of clothes with you when you assist a young lady from Chicago to study the peculiarities of the New York elephant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOC. MILLER'S FATE.

Mr. N. B. Moreland, one of the officers of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association, returned to Denver, Col., June 22, from Dodge City, Kan., and gives the particulars of his recent chase after a gang of Texas horse-thieves. On the night of June 8 the gang, which was composed of Doc Miller, William Ferguson and Bright Peltzer, stole six head of saddle ponies from J. W. Spearing, a ranchman living near Dodge City. The robbery was reported at once, and on June 10 Moreland, who happened to be in Dodge City on that day, started in pursuit. He rode for four days, and on the 14th, while driving a buggy six miles from the Republican river, in Nebraska, Moreland came upon the three desperadoes in camp. Jumping from the buggy the plucky officer brought his forty-four revolver to bear on the men and told them to throw up their hands. Instead of doing so they hastily mounted their horses and rode away. Moreland unharnessed one of his buggy horses and mounted bareback, giving the thieves close chase. A running fire was kept up for fully ten miles, in which Doc Miller was shot three times, once in the body, once in the head, and once in the hand. He was injured so severely that he died. In the chase Moreland was successful in overtaking Ferguson and bringing him back a captive. Peltzer alone got away. When arraigned in Dodge City the other day, Ferguson pleaded guilty and was sentenced to Leavenworth for three years.

Moreland made a very successful raid, and deserves all the credit for his bravery in making the fight on the desperadoes. He was shot at in the running fight a dozen times and narrowly escaped the bullets of the desperadoes. In Norton county, Kansas, as Ferguson was being taken back to Dodge City, a mob organized to lynch him, but his life was saved by Moreland and his little gun. The sombrero worn by Doc Miller was brought in by Moreland, and is on exhibition at the Rocky Mountain Detective Association rooms on Lawrence street. It has the bullet-hole in it, and shows how Miller's head was punctured by Moreland's bullet.

GOT AWAY WITH THEIR MAN.

Silverton, Col., was startled at noon on June 22, by a report that ex-Marshall Patrick Cain, of Rico, had shot and killed Billy Wilson on the Chattanooga Road, near Butte City, seven miles from Silverton. Wilson had one wound in the head, the bullet having entered his neck near the angle of the lower jaw and come out at the anterior and upper part of the right ear. There is another wound near the heart; a wound in the chest on the other side, and a wound in the wrist. The wound in the head showed that a pistol was fired at close range, there being powder-stains on the neck. Cain is a brother of Marshall Cain, of Silverton, who a short time ago shot Riley Lambert on slight provocation, for which he was never tried. Billy Wilson and the Cains have lately had words. Pat Cain provided horses for himself and Wilson, and a man named Maher, but about noon returned, and said he (Cain) had killed Wilson, and gave himself up to the sheriff. Several miners who saw the three men pass them on a gallop say that a few moments afterward Cain and Maher returned, saying, "We got away with our man." Wilson had \$12, a silver watch, and other articles of value on his person when found. His horse was found a few feet away, shot in the heart.

MRS. BLOSSER'S DOOM.

How She Got a Doctor of That Name Into Hot Water.

The little village of Moulton, Iowa, has had a social scandal of immense proportions and with all the modern improvements. The two people who have brought about all this excitement and trouble are Dr. M. L. Doom and Mrs. J. B. Blosser, both connected with well-to-do and highly respected families. Suspicion has been resting upon the doctor and the buxom and handsome Mrs. Blosser for nearly six years, but it was not until recently that it was made possible to obtain positive proof of their guilty intimacy. On Wednesday evening, June 18, several prominent citizens noticed Mrs. Blosser enter the doctor's office, which is located in the business portion of the town, and with a curiosity born of previous suspicions, concluded to note the length of her visit. Their vigilance was rewarded by the sensational discovery that the visit lasted all night and up to 9 o'clock the next morning, by which time the entire population, having heard of the queer situation, had gathered around the building occupied by the guilty pair. The situation was embarrassing, but it brought suddenly to the surface the hidden, another crime that had so long escaped detection. Mrs. B. walked bravely from the building and through the astonished crowd to her home, and within the next hour made hasty preparations and left the town for good. The doctor was immediately arrested on a charge of adultery, and waiving a preliminary examination before a justice of the peace, was placed under \$500 bonds to appear at the August term of county court.

There is a long history connected with this case which can only here be stated briefly. Mrs. Blosser's husband, John B. Blosser, is an invalid, having suffered for years with consumption, and for several months past has been in Colorado in search of health. The doctor and his wife have not lived happily together for a long time on account of his alleged intimacy with Mrs. Blosser, and some months ago they mutually agreed to separate. A settlement of their finances was finally agreed upon, but the wife refused to agree to a final separation or a divorce, and thus the matter stands.

All the parties concerned are, or at least were, members of the Methodist church. The recent trial by the congregation of the United Brethren church of their young pastor, whom they charged with unministerial conduct and falsehood, was really only a portion of this same unsavory case, the trouble originating in the fact that the young minister and his wife went to live in the same house with Mrs. Blosser, contrary to the wishes of the members of his church.

A THRUSH THAT COULD FIGHT.

In front of the cottage of Maggie Mitchell, the actress, near Elberon, Long Branch, a robin, plump and large, was enjoying a solitary feast recently in the middle of the road when a pugnacious sparrow alighted alongside of him. The sparrow chattered and flapped his wings as if to invite the robin to leave. The robin evincing no disposition to retire, the sparrow forthwith proceeded to perch upon the robin's spinal column. The contest was brief and bloodless. The robin came to the conclusion that that was no place for him.

Hardly had the victorious sparrow turned to taste the sweets of his triumph when there was a sharp whirr, and a thrush darted through the air, swooped down upon the sparrow like an avenging angel, and the feathers began to fly. The sparrow chattered as if calling for assistance, but kept on fighting like a Turk. The thrush made no noise. For a minute the fight was maintained with great obstinacy and with doubtful results. The sparrow, in point of size, was over-matched, but in agility he was the superior.

The birds rolled in the dust, pecking and clawing at each other. The sparrow at last gave indications of weakness, but when two others of his species clustered up, like reserve fire-engines after a third alarm, his courage revived.

But now the thrush resorted to strategy. He darted away, thus separating his antagonists. He then spread his wings, and, like a flash of lightning, dashed into the nearest sparrow, stretching him out in the dust. The other assistant sparrow displayed no longer any enthusiasm to continue the contest. The sparrow that first got into the fight, seeing one of his comrades prostrate and himself deserted, flew up into a tree and gave vent to his feelings in chattering.

The thrush, finding himself the sole survivor of the fight, helped himself to the repast discovered by poor robin, and looked unconcernedly as his stunned and prostrate foe gathered himself together and flew away. While the thrush was in the road not a sparrow interfered with him, although there were ten or twenty of them in the vicinity watching his movements.

GREEN'S LARK WITH A LOVELY WOMAN.

A case involving a choice bit of scandal interested gossiping idlers in the Court of Sessions at Buffalo, N. Y., June 23. Frank Green was brought up for trial on the charge of petit larceny. In opening the case Assistant District Attorney Quinby gave an outline of it. The story is as follows:

A few weeks ago a lovely woman living on Fourteenth street stooped to folly, and in the absence of her husband secured a fast horse and fashionable turnout and started off for a lark of the most indiscreet order. Becoming weary of going it alone after the novelty had somewhat worn away, she invited young Green to join her in the ride, which he did without much persuasion. The day was warm, and they refreshed frequently, but not always with the effervescing soda or the cooling lemonade. The result was that when night came both were somewhat dazed as to their duty, marital or otherwise, by the frequent potations, and after returning the rig to the livery they repaired to an Exchange street hotel.

The next morning Green, awakening before his companion, left the hotel, taking with him her gold watch and chain. He left a note behind, saying the watch was in his possession. When the recalcitrant wife awoke she missed her friend and her jewelry. Without considering the consequences, she caused Green's arrest. Green attempted to make things right by a return of the property, saying he kept it for safety, but the police in looking up his record, found he had been arrested for stealing a hat from the City Club house, and his motive for taking the jewelry was doubted. His case was presented to the Grand Jury. Judge Hammond regarding the matter charitably admitted Green to bail in the sum of \$100 on his own recognizance, which is equivalent to a discharge.

FLEECING THE "L."

The Scheme of a Ticket Agent to Gobble the Dividends.

Timely Discovery of a Conspiracy That Might Have Bankrupted a Railroad Company.

[With Portraits.]

A gigantic conspiracy, in which numerous employees of every grade on all branches of the elevated railroads are implicated, having for its object the robbing of the company by means of a marvelously ingenious system of forged tickets, received its death-blow at the hands of Inspector Byrnes on July 2.

The loss already sustained by the company, while undoubtedly heavy, cannot be even approximately estimated, but had not the scheme been nipped in the bud \$100,000 would not have covered it.

The ringleader in the conspiracy is John B. Cole, a young man of No. 33 Irving street, Woodside, N. J., who had been until recently a ticket agent on the Sixth avenue "L" road; and his associates were August C. Speth, a lithographer, doing business at No. 50 Malden Lane, and residing at No. 1,873 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, and William H. Pinder, of No. 2 Waldo place, Jersey City, night ticket agent at the up-town station of the Sixth avenue "L" road at Twenty-third street. Pinder was first arrested, and in his possession were found a number of the spurious tickets. Cole was next captured, having been enticed to this city by the detectives on a bogus telegram bearing Pinder's signature, and Speth was apprehended at his place of business. It was at the latter's home in Brooklyn that the press and plates and counterfeit tickets were seized.

Cole, who is a bright young man, upon finding that he had been trapped acknowledged that he was the organizer of the scheme to defraud the "L" road company, and that it was he that had induced Pinder and Speth to take part in the conspiracy. While talking with Inspector Byrnes Cole said:

"I was with the 'L' road altogether about three years. The first year I was honest, but the last two years I was a ticket-seller I defrauded the company out of \$14,000. I discovered that nearly every one of the station-agents was stealing, and made up my mind to do the same. I found that one key opened all the drop boxes along the line. I found but little difficulty in obtaining an impression of the key, and nightly emptied a number of boxes with a duplicate which I had made. I effaced the stamp on the tickets by dampening them and then pressing them between iron rollers. Then I sold the tickets at a discount to the agents, who resold them. This scheme worked like a charm until I was discharged. Then I had three other keys made and gave them to friends, who are using them to-day.

"After my discharge I made up my mind to clear a round \$100,000 and stop thieving forever. I was prepared to spend the \$14,000 I had stolen in perfecting my scheme. I induced Speth to enter the conspiracy by paying him \$4,000—the expense of the press, plates and paper—and a salary of \$40 a week until the work was complete, and then I engaged to give him \$10,000. Before speaking to the lithographer, however, I canvassed all the ticket agents, and those that I trusted I promised thirty-three per cent. of the proceeds for handling the counterfeit tickets. All that I approached were willing to take part in the scheme, and it was then that I began work. There was some delay in getting the paper, but up to to-day my plans were working like a charm. I would have realized in less than three months over \$100,000, and then genuine tickets on any of the roads could have been purchased by passengers down on the street for two cents less than the regular price, notwithstanding that the paper on which the counterfeit tickets had been printed cost fifteen cents a pound.

"There are to-day half a dozen rings among the employees on the several 'L' roads, all the members of which are daily robbing the company. I could save the company, with the limited information I now possess about the other gangs, over \$100,000 a year. I had my plans so well laid that no one of my men knew that another was selling spurious tickets. After I had sold all the counterfeit tickets the plates and tickets would have been destroyed, leaving only genuine tickets in existence."

ALLAN PINKERTON.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Allan Pinkerton died at Chicago July 1, sixty-five years old. He was born in Muirhead street, Ruglen Loan, in the Gorbals of Glasgow, Scotland, on Aug. 25, 1819. His father was a police sergeant, who died from injuries received at the hands of a prisoner whom he was arresting. Allan was then scarcely nine years of age, but he obtained employment with a prominent print-maker, and afterward learned the cooper's trade. Before attaining his majority he became identified with the celebrated Chartist movement. The Government arrested and transported several of the leaders. Allan was married to Miss Jane Carfrae, and next day with his wife sailed for America, landing at Quebec after a perilous voyage, in which their vessel was wrecked, the passengers being picked up by a passing vessel. From Quebec Mr. Pinkerton and his young wife went to Chicago, where Allan soon obtained employment at his trade. He removed to Dundee, Kane county, where he began business for himself and prospered rapidly.

Shortly afterward he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Kane county, and later became a deputy sheriff in Chicago. When Mayor Boone was elected he appointed Mr. Pinkerton as detective of the city force, the first appointment of a detective in Chicago. In 1852 Mr. Pinkerton, together with Mr. Edward L. Rucker, an attorney, secured the patronage of several railroad companies and started the "Pinkerton Detective Agency," the first institution of its kind in the United States.

Since then the agency has grown in importance, and has offices in New York, Philadelphia and other cities, and employs a small army of officers and detectives.

Mr. Pinkerton has become known all over this country and Europe as one of the most persistent and successful of crime and most successful capturers of criminals. His adventures would fill columns.

On May 7, 1880, Mr. Pinkerton was stricken with a severe stroke of paralysis from which he never fully recovered, and since that time has never been actively employed in his business, leaving the management of

it to his two sons and other superintendents. One of the last cases he managed was breaking up the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Pinkerton leaves a widow, Mrs. Joan Pinkerton, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son is in charge of the Chicago office and the Western Division, and the other is the general superintendent and has immediate charge of the Eastern offices.

THROTTLING A BLOODHOUND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Saturday morning, June 23, a desperate encounter took place in a Boston suburb between a fierce Siberian bloodhound and W. J. Jackson, of Medford. Mr. Jackson, who is employed as a book-keeper in a Boston house, left his home to take the early train, and in passing the house of George K. Goulding observed the hound, a fierce-looking brute, whose weight is 140 pounds, on the sidewalk, and attempted to pass by. As he did so the animal sprang at his throat, and a terrible struggle ensued.

As the dog leaped Mr. Jackson raised his right arm to defend himself, and the dog caught the arm but let go to make another leap for the throat. Again he ward off the attack and again the dog caught his arm. Then with his left hand he caught the animal's stout leather collar, and they clinched for life or death. In another moment both had come to the ground, and were rolling and struggling toward the center of the street. Jackson held firmly to the collar, and in a moment of advantage succeeded in getting above the brute and partly holding him down by the weight of his body. The fierce brute was powerless to bite so long as the firm grasp on the collar was maintained. The stout leather of the collar held, and Jackson, with desperate strength held to it, and twisted tighter and tighter. Then he turned his hand so as to bring the knuckles hard against the brute's windpipe, and pressed with all his strength.

By this time one or two who lived near by were on the street, but Jackson, having the dog at his mercy, declined to have him shot. All this time the dog was gasping for breath and struggling vainly to get free. Jackson finally released his hold. The huge brute did not move. They looked more closely—it was dead. It had been killed in the only way in which it was possible for an unarmed man to kill it, by being choked to death with its own collar for a noose.

THE WILD WEST.

[With Portraits and Illustration.]

The entertainment which the Hon. W. F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," has organized under the title of the "Wild West," is a unique performance, and instructive as well as interesting. It is a faithful portrayal of life on the plains and the borders illustrated by live characters. There is a flavor of truthfulness about everything presented in keeping with the most romantic standard of Western adventure. Unlike stage representations of such scenes, we here have the original article. There are live Indians, cowboys who have actually gone through all the rough experience of life on the grazing pampas of the Southwest, men who have acted as scouts in Indian warfare, old stage-drivers who have crossed the plains and traveled the Rocky Mountains, and famed hunters. Buffalo Bill, whose reputation is world-wide, is himself a fit exponent of the dash and spirit of the scenes presented, and under his supervision the public get a better idea of what life in the Wild West really is than they could by reading volumes. The combination exhibited in New York with great success, and are now traveling on the Eastern circuit.

RACING AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We publish this week an interesting collection of sketches portraying some of the principal winners of the important events at the Coney Island meeting.

The race for the rich Emporium stakes was a very exciting one, the maiden three-year-old of the St. Paul stable winning the race from a good field in fair time. Our artist has selected the scene of the finish as she came by the betting grounds, Ratanplan winning somewhat easily from St. Sauveur (formerly Eolite) and Blast, who had a whipping finish for second-place honors.

We also present portraits of the black two-year-old Detective, considered to be the best of the Dwyer Bros.' two-year-olds, also Mr. W. L. Scott's favorite filly, Blue Grass Belle, who beat the crack Barnes and carried dismay among the followers of the Brooklyn stable. The upper center-piece is occupied by the well-known jumper Abraham, who, when not too heavily weighted, can hold his own in the best of company.

THEY KNEW NO NORTH, NOR SOUTH, NOR EAST, NOR WEST.

On Tuesday (always Tuesday), May 13th, 1884, as is usual, the veteran Gen'l G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jugal A. Early, of Va., met at the 168th Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. At noon they began the labor of distributing wealth promiscuously, and ladled it out right and left, North, South, East and West. Ticket No. 10,842 drew the first Capital Prize of \$75,000, it was sold in fifths at \$1 each—one went to B. J. Dorsey, 33 Jackson st., Memphis, Tenn.; another to Isaac Baines, an engineer on the M. & C. R. R., collected through Messrs. W. R. Rison & Co., Huntsville, Ala. The Second Capital of \$25,000, drawn by 25,755, sold in fifths—one to H. C. Drinkle, Lancaster, Ohio; another to Alexander King, Waverly, Ky. The Third Capital, \$10,000, drawn by 64,612, sold in fifths—one to T. S. Ashby, Sherman, Grant Co., Ky. The other Capital Prizes scattered everywhere.—New York Times, June 23.

PRESIDENT-MAKERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The National Democratic Convention that convenes at Chicago on July 8 is attracting even more attention than did the gathering of the Republican clans at the same place a few weeks ago. Never before in the history of political events in this country was there such a rush to the point where the hopes and fears of politicians were to be decided. New York sent a particularly large delegation. Tammany Hall, the County Democracy and Irving Hall vied with each other in efforts to make a good showing, and the departure of the representatives of the three organizations was an event worthy of commemoration. Our artists show some of the scenes and incidents of the occasion, and present portraits of the leaders of the three powerful delegations from this city.

A MYSTERY OF THE STREETS.

A New York Merchant Found Dead on the Sidewalk in the Early Dawn.

[With Portrait.]

As day was dawning about 4:30 A. M. on Saturday-morning, June 23, James B. Grimes, a weary gate keeper who had been on duty all night at the Fifty-ninth street station of the elevated railway, on Ninth avenue, heard the rattle of wheels, and rubbing his eyes he saw a cab driven at a furious rate rattle down the street from Tenth avenue toward Ninth. Grimes regarded the vehicle with some suspicion. He followed it as it rolled along, and was surprised to see the driver pull up about three hundred feet from Ninth avenue and come to a sudden halt. A man jumped out and opened the door of the carriage, while the driver remained seated on the box holding his reins taut over his team of chestnut horses, which frothed and perspired as if they had been driven a long distance at a rapid pace. After walking nervously about for a few moments the second man, who wore a high black silk hat and dark frock coat, put his hands inside the coach and drew out what appeared to be a huge bundle, which he deposited on the sidewalk close to a lamp-post.

The gate-keeper watched the proceedings closely and saw that what first appeared to be a bundle was the body of a man lying face upward. Without waiting one moment the man with the black hat seated himself in the cab, and slamming the door the driver applied his whip and sent his team spinning down the street toward Ninth avenue at the same rate which he came.

Grimes rushed down the stairs of the station, and, approaching the prostrate man, found that he was dead. He hurried to the nearest station-house and returned with a policeman to the spot where they found the dead man. The body was still warm, although life must have been extinct some time. A wagon was procured and the body borne to the One Hundredth street station-house.

A bundle of papers in the inside pocket revealed his identity. He was Abraham R. Warner, treasurer of the firm of Abraham R. Warner, Sons & Co., iron dealers, No. 23 West street. Besides the papers little of value was found. He had neither watch nor money. The matter is still a mystery, and the police have been baffled in unravelling it.

Mr. Warner was at his office as usual on Friday, and he left at half-past two o'clock and joined his sister, who was in town. He left her at 4 o'clock and was next heard from at the office, where he telephoned his father at New Brighton that he would not be down again that day, but would be there at 9 o'clock the next morning.

It is not known where Mr. Warner died, nor who the men were who left him in the street. One suggestion is that he died suddenly of heart-disease in some sporting house, and that the proprietors took this method of getting rid quietly of the body and the inquiry consequent upon such a death. Another suggestion which his relatives adopt is that he died in the coach, and that the driver was frightened and anxious to get away from the body without the trouble of an inquest. The police have a theory that it may be a case of foul play, and are diligently working up clues.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.

One of the Great Tribulations of the Summer Residents of Country Places.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Are you not going down to the city to-day?" asked a gentleman in a business suit and boiled shirt of a young man in a blue flannel shirt and negligent attire on the dock at Whitestone, L. I., as the steamer Idlewild was about to make her landing.

"No; I've got to stay home and fire a girl out."

"What do you mean? You told me the same thing last week, and last Saturday you said you had just got a good hired girl."

"The what?" exclaimed his friend. "The bearded woman. She had as heavy a beard as one of those women in the museums. She could have got a job there if she had been younger and better looking. Today I have got to fire a female bather; she got fits, too."

"Was she in the show business?" asked the astounded listener.

"She was last night. You see, she told mother that the doctor told her to take salt-water bathing for her health, so last night she thought she would try it. She asked mother for her bathing suit, but mother gave her a gentle hint that she was not habitually lending it to the servants. Then she asked if an old dress would do, and mother said yes, so she disappeared. About half-past eight some boys came up from the shore and said there was a crazy woman in the water. Father went down and found the boys trying to restore her to reason by sousing clam-shells at her. She was sitting in the water with her knees up to her chin and the water just up to her shoulders. He told the boys she was harmless, and that she was ordered by the doctor to try a water cure. When the boys found out that she was not really crazy they could not see any fun in her and went away."

"At 10 o'clock we had heard nothing of her, and mother began to be worried. We were all sitting on the front veranda when the woman came up. Her wet calico dress was clinging to her in front like court-plaster. She said she had lost her way, and had trouble finding the house. When she turned around it was discovered that her dress did not appear to have any back in it. After that she had fits. Then she got drunk on a private bottle of Jamaica she had hid under her mattress, sassed all hands, and said she could begin on mother and lick the whole family. This morning we found she had been wandering all around the neighbors' houses after she took her bath. She went to a house to inquire for ours, and the summer boarders purposely sent her to the wrong house. They passed her on, and the summer boarders man-

aged to circulate her through the whole neighborhood. She has a pretty bad head on her this morning, and I guess she'll go out easy."

As the interested listener passed up the gangway the young man called out:

"I'll go down with you to-morrow, Martens, because I've got to look for a girl!"

WINKED AT A WOMAN WHILE PRAYING.

John H. Abrams, a merchant of Rockaway, has sued Henry Cornell, Mrs. Abram's brother, for \$5,000 damages. Both gentlemen are leading members of the First Methodist church at Westville, Queens county, N. Y.

The plaintiff alleges that Cornell went to James Hicks and made a surprising statement. The dialogue is recorded as running in the following lively vein:

Said Mr. Cornell: "Do you know that that fellow Abrams is not a Christian, though most people think he is?"

"What is your reason for saying he is not a Christian?" Hicks asked.

"You remember the revival meetings in April, 1883?" Mr. Cornell asked.

"Yes, I do," was the answer.

"Well," continued Mr. Cornell, "at one of those meetings Abrams got down on his knees and prayed to God as well as any Christian ever did; and while he was praying he winked through his fingers at a woman and gave her a sign which she understood. Just as he was closing his prayer she got up and went out, and Abrams followed her as soon as he was done. By and by he came back and led the meeting again."

"Who was the woman?" asked Mr. Hicks.

"Well, I don't say," replied Mr. Cornell, "but your wife went out of meeting just about that time."

"Do you mean to say it was my wife?" asked Mr. Hicks, with much indignation.

"No, I don't," said Mr. Cornell, "but I do say that she went out of meeting about that time."

DOD WINS THE FIGHT.

ROCHESTER, Monday, June 30, 1884.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:

Sir—For some time past there has been an ill-feeling between John McCarthy and Robert H. Dod, so it was agreed that they have it out in the magic circle. They put up \$25 a side, and it was arranged to settle it this morning at 7 o'clock. They repaired to a secluded spot, where there was about 100 sports who had got the tip. Betting was lively from the start—20 to 10 on Dod, with a few takers. McCarthy weighed 148 pounds and Dod 152 pounds. Dod was the favorite from the start. They fought three rounds, and McCarthy's second threw up the sponge for him.

ROUND 1.—Both men shook hands and approached each other. Dod led off with a right-hander on McCarthy's nose which brought the crimson. First blood for Dod. Several exchanges and McCarthy down.

ROUND 2.—McCarthy came up very groggy. Several exchanges, McCarthy down from a blow from Dod in the jaw.

ROUND 3, AND LAST.—The men came up. Dod was as fresh as ever, and McCarthy was looking bad. He led off, but fell short. They sparred around the ring for an opening, when Dod let out his right hand and struck McCarthy in the jaw and knocked him out of the ring.

The sponge was thrown up and Dod was declared the winner.

Yours truly,
JOHN LIVINGSTONE, Referee.

AN INSULTED GIRL'S REVENGE.

Three men recently entered the bar-room of a disreputable house on Globe street, in a part of Bradford, Pa., known as Pig Island. The house is kept by Frank Meadows, who has a daughter twenty years old, and of whom he is very proud. She has always been kept from association with the people visiting the saloon. As it happened, however, she was in the bar-room when the men entered. One of them, Jacob Head, aged thirty-five years, began to use insulting language to her.

Miss Meadows at first broke into tears, overcome with shame and anger, but, recovering her self-possession, she ordered the men to leave the place. Head repeated his insulting expressions, and closed by saying that if the girl felt herself insulted, she could revenge herself by shooting him.

Quick as thought the girl sprang behind the bar, seized a revolver which was in a drawer, and, pointing it at Head, pulled the trigger. The bullet struck the man in the left side, penetrating his lungs. He threw up his hands, staggered out on the sidewalk, and fell dead.

The girl was arrested, although public sympathy is entirely with her. Head formerly lived in Middletown, N. Y.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 65, out Saturday, July 5, contains: "Found Drowned," a newspaper paragraph which recalled a sad life story; how a worthless husband pulled a good wife down to ruin; step by step on the gloomy road to despair; the river's refuge. Gems of the Opera; pretty women with sweet voices who have won popular favor; how music soothes the savage breast and extracts money from willing pockets; sketches of some well-known operatic favorites. Billy, the Boxer; or, A Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York, by Edwin F. De Nyse. A Mysterious Wife; how a New Yorker kept his wife's identity a secret. Fleeing a Pirate; a story of an American seaman fifty years ago. The Referee. Bl board. Prompter. Joker. A splendid holiday number. Full of life, sparkle, wit and adventure.

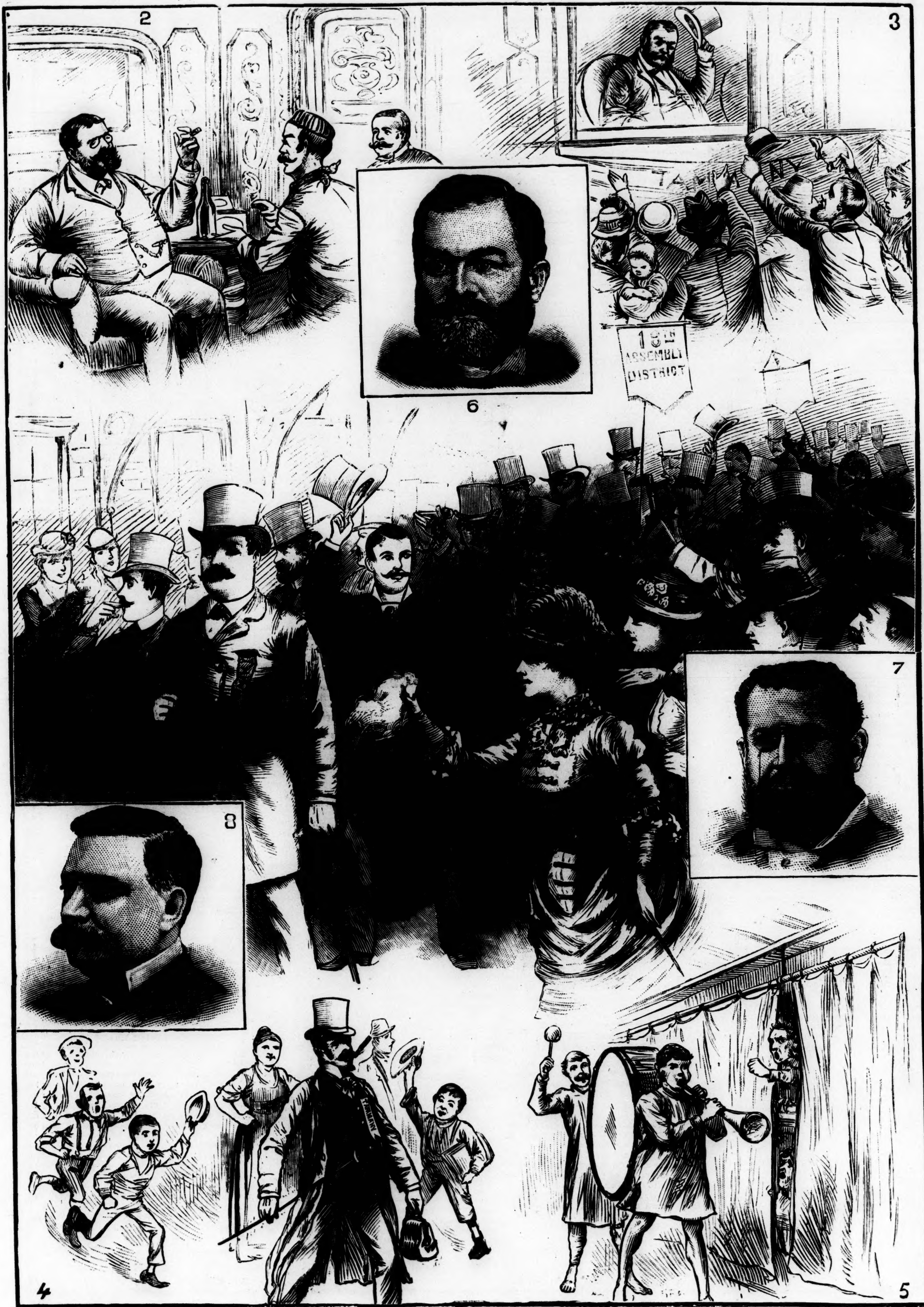
The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$6.00.

PULLED ABOUT BY HIS BEARD.

F. N. Vause, a tall man with a long gray beard, laid a handful of hair that resembled the color of his beard on the bench before Justice Smith at the Tombs a few days ago, as he charged Aaron Barnett with assault.

"I am in the awning business," said Vause, "and was employed by Barnett to put up awnings on the windows of his premises at \$1 a window. I went to his office to collect the bill for the work, which amounted to \$28. Barnett claimed that the agreement was seventy-five cents for an awning, and during a dispute he grabbed me by the beard and hauled me around the floor."

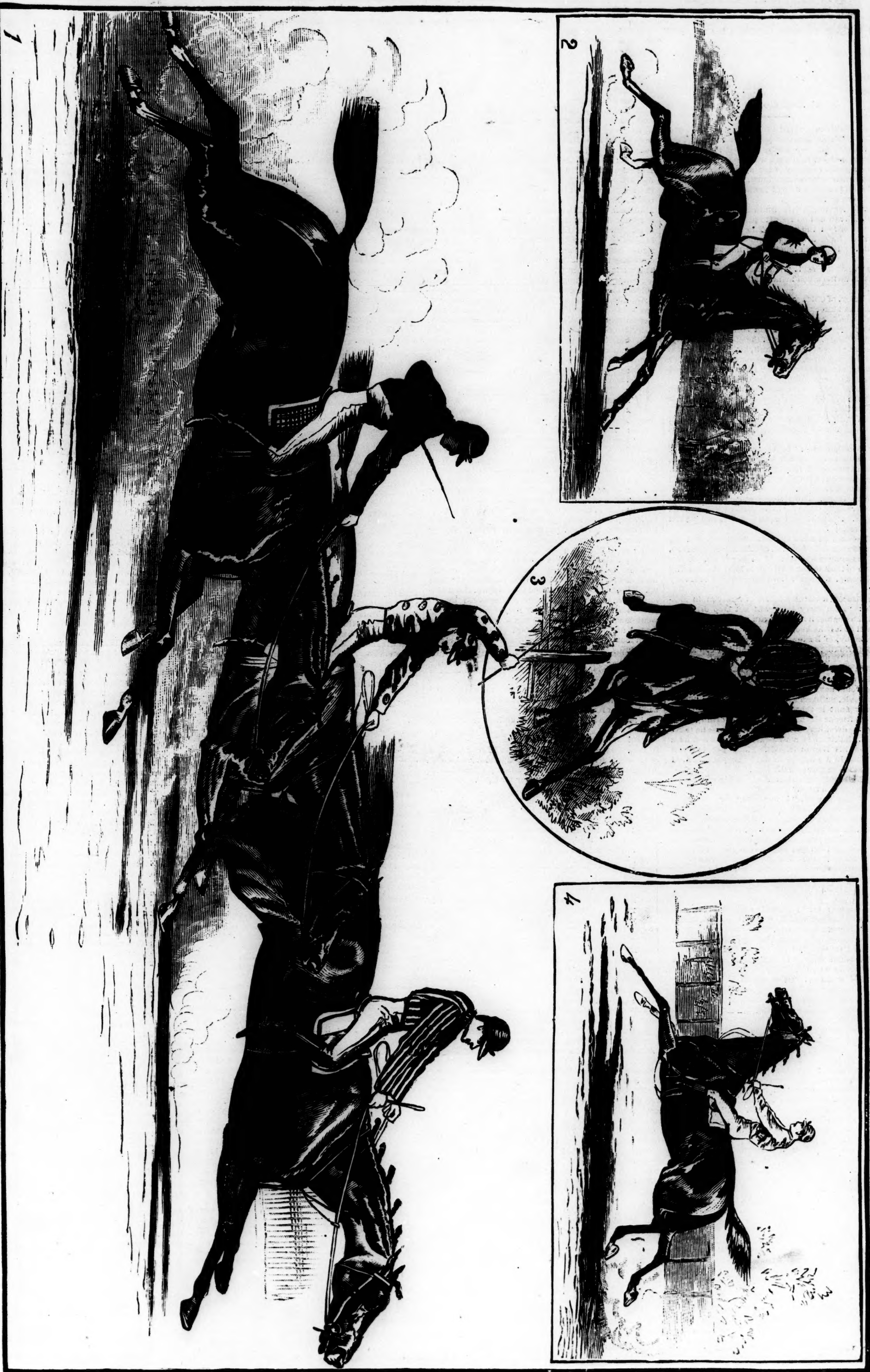
Barnett denied the charge, but acknowledged that he ordered Vause to leave his office, and on his refusal had simply put him out.



OFF FOR CHICAGO.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE NEW YORK DELEGATION FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

No. I.—Tammany Gets a Good Send-off. No. II.—Hubert O. Thompson Discussing the Situation in a Pleasant Way while on the Road. No. III.—Reception of Big Chief John Kelly en route. No. IV.—The Pride of the Ward Starting on His Journey. No. V.—Some Little Fun in the Sleepers the First Night Out. No. VI.—John Kelly, the King of the Tammany Tribe. No. VII.—Hubert O. Thompson, Grand Mogul of the County Democracy. No. VIII.—Sheriff Alexander V. Davidson, the Leader of the Irving Hall Delegates.



RACING AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

SOME OF THE FLYERS OF THE FAVORITE CONEY ISLAND COURSE, AS THEY APPEARED AT THE FINISH OF THE GREAT EMPORIUM STAKES.
NO. I. PATAPLAN, ST. SAUVEUR AND BLAST PASSING THE JUDGES' STAND. NO. II.—BLUE GRASS BELLE. NO. III.—ABRAHAM. NO. IV.—DETECTIVE.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Gossip of the Week on Pugilistic Events.

Opinions on Sullivan's Great Fistic Fizzle—Some Accounts of Fights That Did Come Off.

John L. Sullivan arrived in Boston on July 2 with his wife. No reception was given the champion owing to the fact that he had failed to meet Mitchell, and scarcely a sporting man has a word to say in his favor. In Chicago the majority of the sporting men spoke in bitter terms about his conduct. Tommy Chandler said: "Sullivan knew he had to meet Mitchell, and he should have quit drinking."

Chas. E. Davies, better known as the "Parson," said: "Sullivan had no right to put Al. Smith in such a position, or fool the public. The sporting public of New York have always patronized his exhibitions liberally, and Sullivan made a big mistake in drinking."

Billy Pinkerton said: "Sullivan is a great pugilist. He has made too much money and cannot stand prosperity."

Tom Foley, of Chicago, said: "Al. Smith should pick up a club and knock Sullivan out with it for putting him in a hole after all he has done for him."

Charley Mitchell said: "I am sorry that the fight didn't take place, on account of the disappointment to the people. It was not my fault, however. I was as sick as Sullivan was, but I was determined that if I could drag myself to the garden I would fight, no matter if I got knocked out in the first round. I am rather glad that he didn't fight, because it would have been no credit to me to whip a sick man, and I wanted this fight to settle the question as to our superiority. If I had been whipped I never would have made a kick about being out of condition, though really I was a sick man."

Billy Madden said: "In regard to the amount of money taken in at the Mitchell and Sullivan fiasco, well, there was less in that house than people imagine. Besides, some one got tickets early in the day and had counterfeits struck off. We lost probably \$2,000 on that score alone. The receipts were \$6,000; the expenses were \$2,300; leaving to be divided between the men \$3,700. It was divided equally between Mitchell and Sullivan."

Jim Keenan, of Boston, said: "Sullivan is a big loafer, and no good. Rob him of his fighting laurels, and he amounts to nothing. If he keeps on, Boston will have to trust to Jake Kilrain to hold the fighting championship. Kilrain will whip Sullivan if ever they fight."

Mike Gleason, a warm admirer of Sullivan in Boston, said: "I am sorry John will not stop drinking. There is no pugilist living who can whip Sullivan, but booze will do it if he keeps on."

Tom Denny, of Boston, said: "Well, Sullivan got sick from drinking champagne. But still he can knock out any pugilist living when he is all right."

Joe Goos said: "No man can fight and drink. Sullivan will not be advised. If Sullivan had been all right he would have whipped Mitchell."

Hugh Covey, Sullivan's advance agent, said: "Sullivan's only fault is that he is too generous. He likes to give his friends all the wine they can drink, consequently in drinking with them sometimes he takes too much. Sullivan is a first-rate fellow when he is away from his Boston friends. Many people claim Sullivan made a mistake in not boxing Mitchell. I don't, because he was actually sick."

Harry Hill said: "Sullivan made a big mistake in drinking at such a time."

Barney Aaron said: "I was sorry for Al. Smith. Sullivan did wrong, and it will hurt the business."

Gabe Case said: "I did not see Sullivan knock out Mitchell, but they knocked me out of \$2."

Topsy Maguire, the veteran sporting man, said: "It was too bad Sullivan was not able to meet Mitchell. He is like all the great pugilists I have known, he lets champagne run away with his wits."

Larry O'Brien said: "Don't you mention that fighter to me. He should be clubbed for fooling so many people."

Harry Genet said: "I paid \$2 to see Sullivan and Mitchell box and got fooled. Well, neither Al. Smith nor Mitchell could be blamed."

Joe Coburn said: "I have nothing to say. But you know what I think."

Ned Mallahan said: "If Sullivan keeps on, Hial Stoddard will be champion."

Richard K. Fox said: "It was not right to fool the public. Sullivan got off on a hurrah and could not help it. It was a feather in Mitchell's cap, being on hand ready to box after he was sick."

Al. Smith, Sullivan's manager, said: "Well, Sullivan disappointed me and thousands more by his conduct. I would not have had him disappoint the crowd which assembled at Madison Square Garden on June 30 for \$5,000, because the affair was under my management. Sullivan is the greatest fighter in the world. Why, he is a wonder, and there are a million people eager and anxious to see him box, and I have frequently told him so. I have advised him, time and again, to let wine alone, but he would not."

Sullivan said to the POLICE GAZETTE representative: "I was not myself. The truth of the matter is that I should never have made the match. I had been out on the road for nearly a year and had been drinking a good deal all the time. When this match was made I went into training, but when I heard that Mitchell was sick and the fight was not likely to take place I broke training and got to drinking again. I was broke up before I came here, and thought that I wouldn't come. I was under the doctor's care last Friday and Saturday. When I came here I was not drunk and I didn't drink but one glass of brandy all day Monday, and that was in the afternoon when the sickness came on. My sickness was the result of drinking, I guess, but I was not drunk. I vomited blood Monday afternoon, and at 6 o'clock I knew I couldn't spar. I told Al. Smith at 7 o'clock that he'd better quit selling tickets and return the money for those that had already been sold. I didn't know that this hadn't been done until I was taken to the garden. I was that sick when I went to the garden that I fell down three times before I got my clothes on. When I found the money hadn't been returned I proposed that the whole business be given to some charitable institution, but Mitchell and Madden wouldn't hear of it. I couldn't have stood up three minutes, let alone spar twelve, and I knew that if Mitchell knocked me out

he never would have given me another chance, and that would have been worse for me than the abuse I got. I will lay up home for a week under the care of my own physician, and then I'll go to the sea-shore and spend the summer. I'll have a fight with Mitchell in the fall and that will show decisively which is the best man of the two. I wouldn't have had this thing happen for \$20,000."

The great glove contest for \$1,000, which Richard K. Fox held, between McHenry Johnson, the Black Star, and Billy Wilson, of Boston, the colored champion, was decided at Clarendon Hall in this city on June 28. Every one knew the match was *bona fide*, and to help promote the affair Richard K. Fox put up the "Police Gazette" medal, which represents the heavy-weight colored championship. Gus Tutill, of the Rochester House, in Bleeker street, found the sneers of war for McHenry Johnson, while John J. Kilbride, of Harrison avenue, Boston, put up the sugar for Wilson. A large crowd assembled to witness the mill. Among those present were J. B. McCormack, *Enquirer*, Cincinnati; Topsy Maguire, Ned Mallahan, Gus Hill, Capt. McCullagh and Clinchy, Sergeant Meakin, John Woods, Frank Stevenson, Capt. Tutill, Gus Lipman and D. E. Owens. Tom McAlpine was master of ceremonies. The several sets before the "big event" were quite interesting, especially that of Jack Files and young Tom Allen. The betting was heavy. Billy Madden and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE were made stakeholders for a large amount of the money wagered.

According to the agreement, the pugilists were to box according to "Police Gazette" rules. The men were wildly cheered when they appeared on the stage. Kilbride offered to bet any part of \$500 Wilson would win, but found no takers. Wilson wore a white shirt and drawers, with blue stockings. Johnson's costume was the same with the exception of the stockings, which were red. Wm. E. Harding was referee and Billy Madden time-keeper. Madden called time and the wool began to fly. Wilson landed heavily on Johnson's chest, while the latter countered with his right on the head. Then they rushed together and banged away at a furious rate until they both got very weak. The "Star" had the best of the fighting until both went down in a clinch. They arose and slugged heavily and fast, and then went to the floor again from the effects of a mutual cross-counter. They were very weak and wild in their delivery, the swinging right-handers of each going wide of their mark. The "Star" finally got a swinging right-hander on Wilson's jaw, sending him to the floor like a log. When he got up he was sent down again, the "Star" falling on him from the effects of his blow. A foul was here claimed by the Bostonian's friends, but not allowed. In the second round Wilson again led, and fast and furious fighting followed, Wilson getting the worst of the punishment. Johnson twice caught Wilson on the head, sending him against the ropes; apparently done up. This frightened his friends, who again claimed a foul. A row ensued. The stage was crowded by excited individuals, but the men fought on until they went down. The third round was a repetition of the second, and Johnson had the best of it. Wilson was again fought down in a rush, and again was the claim of foul raised. The crowd became uproarious, yelling and hooting, and all pressing for the stage, when Capt. McCullagh stopped the fight. The referee declared the fight a draw.

The day Sullivan and Mitchell were to have boxed Al. Smith said: "I have from \$10,000 to \$20,000, and I will bet it at reasonable odds that Sullivan will have the best of the set-to no matter whether he is drunk or sober."

Frank White says that he will spar Billy Frazier, of Boston, the proceeds to be devoted to paying the fine of Jimmy Murray, who is in the penitentiary.

The Allen wants to match Johnny Files against any 140-pound man in the country for \$2,500.

Jack Dempsey, who is to meet George Fulljames in the arena on July 14, is training at Alf Powers', Rockaway, L. I. Walter Watson, the well-known English pugilist, and his brother are training Dempsey. Fulljames is training at Peter Ravenhall's, on the Coney Island road. John Flood is training Fulljames. The pugilists are to box with hard gloves for \$1,000 a side. Richard K. Fox holds the stakes, will name the battle ground and appoint the referee.

John Brennock and Wm. Bradburn met in Chicago recently. The men fought according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, and wore 6-ounce gloves, it being understood that the contest was to be a knock-out. Nearly 500 men witnessed the fight. At the call of time the men rushed at each other like a couple of mad bulls. Three minutes of rapid slugging placed each in a condition where he was powerless to inflict much damage on his opponent. In the second round Brennock was knocked down a few times, but punished Bradburn considerably. In the third round the men got to clinching and wrestling, and finally they fell together on the stage. Emulating the example of Capt. Williams, of New York, Supervisor Gaban then climbed on the platform, and with a wave of his club stopped the fight. Wm. Lakeman was time keeper. The contest ended in a draw.

A special dispatch to the *Trenton, N. J., Gazette* says:

"Recently James Wilsey, with four companions, went down from Gaffney's Station to Deposit for the purpose of having a spree. Wilsey is a young man, well known along the Erie road as a switchman and a sport, being a heavy hitter, a good card-player, and noted as a fine pool-player. He and his companions remained in Deposit all day, drinking and playing cards and pool. Toward night they became pretty drunk. About 11 o'clock Wilsey was sitting in the bar-room of the Quagga House, when Allen M. Clure, about forty years of age, entered and dared any man to fight him. Wilsey kept still until Clure became demonstrative, when he remarked that he would like to try him a twist if he had a show. His friends promised Wilsey a show, and the door leading to the outer room was closed. McCure made for Wilsey, when the latter struck him such a terrible blow that he fell dead. Wilsey ran out the back way and disappeared in darkness, but shortly after midnight he was captured in an old shanty near the depot. Sheriff Black, of Trenton, was telegraphed for. He took the prisoner in charge and locked him up. Some say that Wilsey struck him with a weapon, but he stoutly declares that he used only his bare fist."

Can Jack Burke beat Charley Mitchell? Is a question that sporting men would like to see decided. Burke is ready to meet the latter, either with or without gloves.

Senator Tim McCarthy, of California, arrived in this city on June 28. He was accompanied by J. W. Brown, a wealthy gentleman of San Francisco. McCarthy said:

"I came all the way to see the match, because we have no Sullivan in San Francisco. Like Roscoe Conkling I am fond of any sport that will make our people brave, hardy and resolute, and I always try to see any of the able exemplars of the manly art of self-defense."

On June 23, at Billy Mahoney's sporting house, Lagrange street, Boston, Pete McCoy and John Kilrain met, and McCoy made so many defiant statements that at last Kilrain agreed to fight him in private, with hard gloves, six rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for \$200 a side, and they each deposited \$50 to bind the match.

The making of the match was the result of Sullivan's directions to McCoy, who, obedient to his chief, resolved to whip Kilrain, because the latter had dared to intimate that he is nearly as good as Sullivan. Both men will go into training at once. Sullivan will train McCoy. Jake Kilrain will probably train outside of Boston, and will enter the ring weighing 150 pounds. Since the match has been arranged Keenan has agreed to increase the stakes to \$2,000.

Every pugilist that lands on these shores wants to meet Sullivan. Why? Because more people will pay to see Sullivan box than any pugilist living. As a general thing, English pugilists rely on the mighty name of Sullivan to fill the garden. The foreign artist is willing to dodge four rounds for a slice of the gate money, which always amounts to thousands. If you believe them, every English pugilist can stand up before Sullivan for four three-minute rounds. Oh, yes, any one of these wonders can knock Sullivan over the ropes before the evening comes, but at the right moment the ambitious importation has all the business he can attend to in trying to crawl between the sturdy limbs of the champion.

Harry Hill's theatre in Houston street was packed on the afternoon of June 30, owing to the announcement that Bill England was to give any pugilist who could best him in four rounds \$100. He came over here to meet John L. Sullivan, and expected that Richard K. Fox would match him against the champion. Mr. Fox not having a very great idea of England's ability as a pugilist, did not engage him. After Harry Hill had announced that England was ready to meet any pugilist, McHenry Johnson, the Black Star, shouted that he'd accommodate Mr. England for \$100. The offer was not taken. A young Englishman who seemed to have cash bulging all over him waved a \$100 note, and said he would give it to George Rooke if Rooke would stand up before the Britisher.

Rooke at first hung back, but, recollecting that he had a wife and six children depending upon him, pecked off his coat and skipped on the stage in his trousers and boots, measuring 5 feet 10½ and weighing 180 pounds, and looking just as he looks when he teaches the West Point cadets the art of self-defense. He is forty-nine years old. Bob Smith fanned him, and Harry Hill shouted that he would spar four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules. He shook hands with the Britisher, and, two seconds later, planted his right glove upon England's chin with a resounding thump. To the amazement of everybody the Britisher went to pieces like lightning. His legs became limp, and he fell in a heap on the floor, and the round ended with wild huzzas for Rooke, in which Police Captain Tynan modestly joined. Rooke sat down smiling.

At the cry of time England dashed impetuously at Rooke with both hands straight out, and forced that gentleman to the ropes. It roused Rooke's wrath, and his gloves soundly beat the Britisher's head and chest and hurried him back to the rear of the stage. The second round closed with a thrilling picture of British blue slippers and silk stockings curled up in the air and revolving around the rest of England in a rapid head over heels flight through the open stage door.

England pulled himself together slowly, clutched his knees with his hands, rested one minute, and surprised the whole house by standing up game, with a fresh supply of wind, and socking the gloves upon Rooke's head and face in a muscular style that drove Rooke first against the ropes, then against the wall, and finally against an iron pillar. The collision with the pillar cut the back of Rooke's head and brought the third round to an abrupt end.

Rooke thought things over as he lay back in his chair, concluded he wouldn't shake hands at the wind-up, and didn't. It was give and take on both sides. Rooke was steady, but tired. He failed to take advantage of it when England threw himself upon his head by lunging into the empty air. He backed up against the wall, and struck at England in a weary way. England sparred at some ropes hanging on the wall until he had tangled himself up so completely in hemp that he had to be untied. The round wound up in the wholly unusual and complicated tableau of one boxer nearly hung up to the wall and the other leaning picturesquely against the scenery hammering air.

Rooke wants to fight England a regular match, and most of the spectators would like to know what was the matter with England in that singular last round.

Many supposed England was a great pugilist until the Referee in Fox's *Week's Doings* wrote the following:

"Since Bill England, the pugilist, has arrived in this city several parties are trying to boom him up and bring about a match with John L. Sullivan or Charley Mitchell. England would have just as much of a show of beating Sullivan as a 10-pound black-and-tan would have in trying to whip a bull-dog. There is no man living in the two hemispheres able to defeat Sullivan, or even stand before him."

"Sullivan does not want to meet every member of the prize-ring division who challenges him, and who only desire to box the champion because they know there are thousands of dollars in gate money. There are plenty of pugilists, both among the middle and heavy-weight division, that would be ready to stand up and be knocked out by the champion providing Sullivan would agree to allow 30 or 40 per cent. of the gate receipts to go to his opponent."

"There are only two pugilists that sporting men care about witnessing Sullivan meet. They are John Kilrain, of Boston, and Charley Mitchell."

"Now, in regard to England's abilities as a pugilist, George W. Atkinson, of the London *Sporting Life*, in a letter to Richard K. Fox, says:

"Bill England, Jack Burke, Huzhey Burns and Jem Goode are all in the same class. None of them are as clever or anything like Charley Mitchell when the latter is in form, and they are not as good, in my opinion, as Taz Wilson. If Mitchell cannot hold his own with Sullivan, then there is no pugilist on this side able to do so. England and Burke are no doubt well enough in their class, but no match for either Sullivan or Mitchell."

"George W. Atkinson is one of the best judges of pugilists in England, and his opinion is valuable."

TOM CRIBB.

(Continued from No. 353.)

ROUND 11.—For a time this round was somewhat similar to the preceding one, Cribb retreating, the black rallying; but at the close, although Molineux had shown signs of weakness, he proved able to pull himself together, and, seizing Cribb, threw him heavily.

ROUND 12.—Another of the same sort, ending in precisely the same manner, the American getting loudly cheered as he went to his corner, and both men resorting to spirituous stimulants.

ROUND 13.—A lot of money changed hands during this round, for heavy bets had been made beforehand that the black would not become favorite during the fight; but when it was seen that Cribb, after tempting his opponent to follow him, in delivering his favorite "propper" went down with the force of his own blow, while the black was hardly shaken, Mr. Mellish offered first an even thousand against the champion, and, finding no response, cried in quick succession, "Guineas to pounds," "1,200 to 1,000," and finally "600 to 400," to which Capt. Barclay, who had patiently bided his time, responded quietly, "Done with you, Mellish," but several other bets were offered at the same price, and, although they were all taken, there was no doubt that now the black was the favorite, and so the bets on that point were decided. It was said, indeed, that Mr. Mellish won more on this "bye" point than he staked during the round. If so, his rashness was not without its wisdom.

ROUND 14.—Not much of a round, the black displaying more ferocity than force, and more courage than caution; but at the finish the champion was down.

ROUND 15.—One of the most scientific displays of hard hitting in the whole fight, and accordingly much in favor of Cribb, whose sparring was beautiful, and who commenced active operations by landing a beauty well over the black's guard, just above his left peeper. Then a severe "rally" followed, Molineux determinedly going up for the in-fighting, which was pretty even until Cribb astonished him with Jem Belcher's favorite and deadly knock-down blow in the throat. This brought the betting back to evens, Earl Grosvenor shouting, "A thousand on Cribb!"

ROUND 16.—Cribb was evidently the stronger man in this round, for, although not very much beyond some sharp exchanges took place, the African went down through fatigue.

ROUND 17.—Tremendous fighting on both sides, ending very badly for the champion, as not only was he thrown very heavily, but his adversary fell on him with his whole weight.

ROUND 18.—Cribb, anxious to show he was not affected by the fall in the last round, made play at once, and delivered several heavy body-blows, the black's exchanges falling very short; and finally the champion, with a blow on the forehead, knocked the other clean off his legs, but fell himself with the force of his own blow, both men being assisted to their corners in so exhausted a condition that it appeared to be anybody's battle; and betting was very shy, as both sides stood out for a shade of odds, which neither would give.

ROUND 19.—This round was a curious one, apart from the actual fight itself. We have all heard that "history repeats itself," and it will be seen that an incident occurred in this round which was curiously repeated in the fight between Sayers and Heenan, in both cases the American champion being the offender, and in both cases many of the onlookers thinking he was in a position to do more damage to the Englishman than was really the case. At this time, one who saw the fight, with the pardonable exaggeration of a chronicler, declares that but for the difference of color it would have been impossible to distinguish the men, so completely had their features been battered out of all resemblance to anything human. But their punishment seemed to have not the slightest effect on their courage, and they again came up in the most determined manner. Cribb, pursuing his old game of "milling on the retreat," was followed to the ropes, when Molineux managed to get hold of the ropes with both hands, holding Cribb between his arms in such a manner that he could neither hit nor fall down. Of course, at the same time, it was equally impossible for Molineux to hit him; nevertheless the seconds on both sides appealed to the umpires as to whether they should separate the men, which those officials thought they had no right to do until one of the men was down, and the question was about to be referred to the referee, Mr. Jackson, when a cry was raised of "Cut the ropes," and a rush was made to the ring, but fortunately no harm was done, as at that moment Cribb, by a desperate effort, contrived to release himself; but there is no doubt that all the time he had been, as it were, lying on the champion, Molineux had been recovering his wind, and now, catching Cribb before he had thoroughly recovered himself, he got his head under his arm and fished away at him until Tom fell from sheer exhaustion. Molineux, however, must have been very weak at this time, as otherwise Cribb must have suffered far more than the result showed him to have done. An absurd story was invented three years afterward by Pierce Egan, or at least was reported by him, to the effect that during the rush to the ropes Molineux had one of his fingers broken by some person endeavoring to pull him from the ropes; but independently of the fact that he afterward fought twenty rounds without any sign of injury to his hands, it is sufficient contradiction to this statement that in all the letters and speeches Molineux afterward wrote and spoke about his two fights, he never once alluded in the most distant manner to having been interfered with or touched by anybody, and our knowledge of the fondness of the Yankees, then as now, to seize the slightest excuse for defeat is sufficient to convince us that he would have made much of such an incident as this. It may be mentioned, by the way, that some of Cribb's enthusiastic friends, who had betted the fight did not last half an hour, had now lost their money, as the time expired during the nineteenth round.

ROUND 20.—Molineux, cheered by the result of the last round, came up gayly, and evidently determined not to give Cribb a chance of recovering himself, went in heavily, and fairly bore the champion down.

ROUND 21.—In this round Cribb put the finishing touch on Molineux's left eye, and also got well on the ribs, receiving a heavy return on the nose and in the end being well thrown, notwithstanding which the betting had again got well round in his favor.

ROUND 22.—Some slight exchanges and both down. ROUND 23.—Both men sparred for time, Cribb, however, delivering heavily on the eyebrow, but received a severe rib-binder and was then again thrown heavily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points About the Players—News and Gossip From All Over the Country.

MANAGEMENT is the trouble in many clubs throughout the country.

PURVIS, of the Boston, has had great luck in his pitching this season.

The New Yorks are in hard luck this season with their pitchers and catchers.

McLean seems to be catching it tooth and nail in every place he umpires.

The genial Robert is guarding third base in brilliant style for the Alleghenies.

Long Island City is making a desperate fight to suppress Sunday ball, having within their limits.

The Brooklyn are playing ball in better form than it was at first though they were capable of doing.

The official umpires don't earn their salaries, there is not a class of men on the face of the globe who do.

The Brooklyn live don't think it is such fun playing ball on Sunday in Columbus as it is cracked up to be.

The Athletics, of Philadelphia, remind one of a lot of faded dandelions trying to brace up and come to life again.

Washington couldn't tell a lie, so his representative acknowledged having tried to steal Quinn from the St. Louis Union.

Sumner, of the Boston, is playing a great game with the Cleveland Club, and is swinging the stick like a drum-major.

This style in which the dute Estbrook hammers the ball, makes the Western people stare in open-mouthed astonishment.

Anson has threatened to release Burns if he doesn't play better ball. Where the infant will get a man to fill his boots is a mystery to us.

The Simmons, Sharps and Mason combination have an idea that John O'Rourke will add to the strength of their minstrel show.

There are no flies on Anson, and he let the Boston know it by examining their bats while they were in Chicago to see if they were loaded.

The Yales had to strain a point, and resort to some dirty mean little bulldozing trick, in order to win the College championship.

A sicker gang than the Harvards were the day they lost the college championship to Yale could scarcely be met in a century of Sundays.

There are one or two of the Union Association clubs that would make matters full of interest in either the League or American Association.

Several of the Northwestern League are not making their salt, but they are going to show their grit by sticking it out to the end of the season.

Barnett, of the Brown University team, is going to try his luck as a professional ball-player, and will wear his name over a piece of paper belonging to the Providence Club.

By the time the Union Association rearrange their championship schedule once or twice more, the public will have no difficulty whatever in keeping track of their games.

There is nothing like having plenty of good substantial self-conceit, and Mr. Lucas tops the deck, when he says, "I am the Union Association. Whatever I do is all right."

Dunlap, while kicking at the umpire in Washington, slung his foot so high that he dropped a ten-dollar bill out of his vest pocket, and Bradley opened his mouth so wide that he frightened \$25 out of his clothes.

The Philadelphia Transcript says: "Only the fact that there is no home for aged and indigent baseball-players can account for the pertinacity with which some of the Philadelphia men stick to active work."

The Clevelanders felt so chagrined over having their crack team beaten by, as they say, a club like the Philadelphia, that in exulting themselves for their defeat they say, "The Cleveland Club batted like school-girls."

A New York physician says that Dock Kennedy is the biggest baby he ever saw in his life. Ward and Connor had their sore arms treated like soldiers, but Kennedy whimpered and squirmed around so much that he refused to treat him.

Willis Harbridge, the pretty boy from Philadelphia, recently, while running for a By-All, slip, p.d. and fell into his mouth, and swallowed himself. This was a great blow to the "Inland Union," who have been hard at work ever since with a derrier trying to recover him.

Joe Farrell, while trying to see how hard he could hit at the ball without striking it, in the Boston-Detroit game, June 26, got his plumb on the muscle with the ball as he was making a desperate lunge with the bat, which made him drop the willow as though it had been a red-hot poker.

It is now definitely settled that this will be the last year the Chicago Baseball Club will occupy their present ground, and as the club is playing such miserable ball it is hardly likely that Spaulding will risk another year, especially as he will have to find a new ground outside the city limits.

Ray Anson has lost all the popularity he ever had among the baseball-players, and it is doubtful if there will be a Chicago club next season if Anson is to be the helm, as the Chicago players say they prefer to take their chances in the Union Association to playing under a violent crank like Anson.

Billy McLean has won wreaths of garlic from the press throughout the country for his action in the Chicago-Boston game, by refusing to allow Buffinton to play in the place of Manning, who was injured so badly that he was obliged to leave the field, consequently the Boston had to finish the game with eight men.

The various baseball managers throughout the country are making good use of their extra men, by compelling them to catch tickets at the gate and stand when the club is playing a match, and the regulars who are too lazy to play, and trump up excuses to lay off, are rapidly being pressed into the same service.

The picture of A. G. Spalding, published in the Mirror of American Sports this week, has a sad and far-away look as if he were sighing for the old days of victory and the champion pennant for the Chicago. Pennaps Mr. Cowles intended this as another hint to the White Stockings to spur them on to greater endeavor.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

For mercy's sake! Will the Boston ever let go the Manning sprained ankle business at Chicago? You can't pick up a Boston paper without finding four yards and a half of somebody's opinion of McLean, for not letting Buffinton go in and pitch when Whitney was getting knocked out, and thus let Manning crawl out of the game fourteen hours after he had sprained his ankle.

It is bad enough to have Warren White's tongue wagging in the Union Association, without having him shaking it under the nose of the umpire in a third-rate amateur game in which this old veteran of the Revolutionary times makes a miserable attempt at playing short-stop. If Warren had had any sense at all he would have stopped playing ball eighty years ago when he first began to feel decrepit from the touch of Father Time.

"You beau seems to be an athletic-looking youth, Marv," said a fond Somerville papa to his blooming daughter. "Oh, yes," she replied, with a blush, "he is the 'short stop' of the Beltem line." "Ah! indeed, but he is not much of a player, I reckon." "Why do you think so?" "Because he stays till midnight nearly every time he comes to see you. As a 'short stop' I should be inclined to regard him as a failure."—Cleveland Leader.

There is nothing so wholesome as expressing an opinion on matters which do not concern you. Galvin, of the Buffalo, is famous for just this sort of business, and it just cost him \$20 for saying that O'Rourke ought to have shown better judgment than to send Collins for fly balls which he could not reach. O'Rourke, however, showed his fine judgment by touching Galvin in the very spot which has the greatest control over his tongue.

The Columbus manager made a big fight for their rights in playing Sunday games, but it was of no use, as everything was at clean against them, and they will have to stop their ball-playing on Sunday, even though it results in financial ruin to the club.

The club managers insist that the same law which applies to them will prevent the street cars from running on Sunday, and the daily papers being issued on Monday, as the principal part of the work has to be done on Sunday.

THERE is such a thing as carrying the fine business to excess, and such was the case with Sullivan, in St. Louis, June 21, who fined Dunlap \$10 for walking in from second base, instead of running, after he had been put out. Mr. Sullivan ought to umpire a few games in Baltimore, where they wipe up the ground with the umpire, and he would think it lucky to escape with his life, without bothering his brain to stick a fine on a player for every trivial offense.

The Sunday Item man says: "It is dollars to cents that the Mets do not see first place again this season. 'Wonder what this gentleman thinks of the chances of the Athletic Club of Philadelphia. He can safely bet millions to mills that they will never see first place again so long as their Club is in existence, and they can't win the championship last year through the able assistance they received through the Metropolitan—the very club he is now risking dollars to cents against, although he knows in his heart that they are the coming champions."

The Irishmen of the Sixty-ninth regiment, who are the sons of Erin, on the diamond field have had their education most sadly neglected in the use of the shillelagh, and it is only now that they are learning the art of striking a baseball with that instrument instead of using it on a man's head. Thus far in their National Guard championship games they have devoted so much time to chasing the balls hit by their opponents that they have not had the opportunity of drilling themselves on hitting so small a sphere.

STRANGE to say, the renowned Willie Taylor has not lost any of his bashfulness, even if he is with the St. Louis Union, which is the most modest club in the baseball arena. Willie made a two-base hit with the St. Louis were playing the Key-stones at Philadelphia. Baker, the next baseman followed him by hitting a ball to pitcher. Willie was very anxious to score, and being too difficult to run to third base, just made a little circle around pitcher and ran to the home plate, and scored what afterward proved the winning run, while the umpire was watching the play at first base.

The Columbus Law and Order League, in their efforts to break up Sunday ball-playing, swore out warrants against several of the Columbus and Brooklyn players, June 22, but the baseball managers were equal to the occasion. The officers were unable to identify the men, and the managers refused to point them out. A compromise was finally agreed upon that the men would be given up at the close of the game, provided the officers allowed the game to proceed. When the game was completed all hands proceeded to the station-house, where \$100 bonds were given by the managers for the appearance of the players for trial.

This Philadelphia combination in the American Association are having hard luck with their circus, which is now traveling through the Western cities. They got downed twice in Indianapolis, then put for a warmer climate, landing in St. Louis, where their best trick ponies were knocked out of their stalls in three straight games. Going still further South, they brought up in Louisville where they fared just as badly, a number of their circus riders being thrown into the sawdust. The general impression is that it will be a badly broken-up show by the time they return to Philadelphia.

A St. Louis paper says that the game in that city recently, the ball went into the crevice of a post of the grand stand, and a boy had to climb up and get it. Now we really don't know what a crevice is a post, and we are obliged to call upon that young gentleman to kindly enlighten us on the subject. If it was a hole in the post, the St. Louis grand stand must be in a pretty rotten condition, and a dangerous place for the public to risk their lives in such large numbers as crowd the St. Louis grounds on Sunday, and the quicker the building inspectors condemn posts having crevices big enough to hold a baseball the better it will be for the safety of the public.

Billy McLean's dispatch to yesterday morning's Journal, in which he attempts to explain his action at Saturday's game sounds very weak coming from a man of his experience. He knows perfectly well that a sprained ankle is much worse some little time after the accident than at the very minute of the injury. Manning was in the same predicament as befell Morrill at Providence. In both cases the men played some time after the sprain, but the exertion produced rapid swelling, and then such pain that they were compelled to give in. Manning played until he could not stand up, and the claim that Buffinton was put in because he was a better batter is ridiculous, since Manning is fully his equal in this respect. There is no possible excuse for McLean acting in such a manner, and it will be difficult for him to convince a fair-minded public that he did the square thing.

Boston Globe.

The Providence Club are realizing what it is to not the damp-wood, and awake to the painful realization of it most speedily. After their team won the 2 of Boston game in Boston on the 7th, the officers at home went into crazy capitations. Messrs. B. F. Allen, Superintendent of the District Messenger Company, James Foster, Al. Daly, and other enthusiastic admirers of the team, with a brass band and carriage, followed by a dense crowd of people, were at the depot to welcome them on their return, and as the headline of the Boston train loomed up the band struck up "Hail to the Chief." As soon as Sweeney set foot on the platform he was snatched up bodily by the enthusiastic crowd and lifted into a hack amid cheers and shouts. The other members of the nine were also hustled into the carriages, and were driven through the principal streets of the city to the City Hall. The band played "Marching Through Georgia." The streets were one vast blaze of red fire, and the crowd packed the sidewalks. So far so good, but the team has lost every game played with the Boston since—four straight. The band is now idle; red lights have burned out, and the tune "Hail to the Chief" has been changed to "Hell to the Cheat." It is always best to bring out the band after the thing is well done.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

WALTER APPLETON, while in Buffalo fell a victim to Sage, the great practical joker. He was invited to visit Niagara Falls in company with a number of gentlemen. During the course of their ramble they visited a notion store kept by two uncommonly handsome Indian girls. The moment they entered the store, one of the charming fairies came rushing forward, and said: "Oh, Mr. Appleton, I am so glad to see you," and clasping her little hands about his big feet, she shook hands in a very hearty manner. The bewildered Appleton looked decidedly foolish as he stammered out: "I am afraid you have got the best of me, as I do not remember of ever seeing you before." The young lady's countenance changed from wreaths of happy, delighted smiles, to a sort of sad expression, as she laid her head on his shoulder, and looking up into his face, said: "Why, Walter, is it possible that you have forgotten me in this short space of time? Oh, Walter! and is this your return for the happy hours we have spent together; but I see you are like all other men—out of sight, out of mind. So you are the man who told me my image would always remain fresh and green in your memory, and that my name should be photographed upon your recollection." Mr. Appleton kept getting more and more confused, and bursting out into a cold perspiration, he said: "Oh, yes; I remember you now, and am very glad to see you," but it was no use for him to try to "fake," as he only made matters worse. Looking around he saw that the rest of the party were splitting their sides with laughter at the awkward position in which he was placed, and seeing that he had been badly taken in, instantly ordered a basket of wine and took it good-naturedly.

A DESPERATE fight took place in Cincinnati between Jack Lynch and Jim Roseman of the Metropolitan, in front of one of the leading hotels, at which the club was stopping. Both men were worked up to such a pitch that they were frothing at the mouth, and fairly mad with frenzy, and had it not been for the timely interference of other members of the club, it is feared one or other of the men would have been hurt. The row commenced in a sort of friendly way; the boys were only fooling with one another, until Lynch accidentally stepped on Roseman's corn. This brought the tears to the latter's eyes, and he accused Lynch of having done it on purpose. Lynch said that he did not. Roseman, getting madder and madder, said: "You did, you did, you did," which riled Lynch into saying: "You're a nasty brat, if you say that." Then Roseman became abusive and called Lynch an "old sow." Lynch flew at him like a maniac, and said he would pull his hair, and Roseman threatened to scratch his face if he tried it. The crowd, seeing that a fight was inevitable, rushed in and stopped the desperados before marks of violence could be left upon either. The thing was quickly hushed up, and no one would have known anything about it if it had not been for Jack Nelson, the big battle-lah, who ran and blabbed it to Manager Mutrie, and the hot-headed Mutrie, acting upon the spur of the moment, rushed into the hotel, caught Lynch by the back of his neck, laid him over his knee, gave him a good sound spanking, and sent him bawling to his bed. He then gave Roseman a dose of the same medicine, and it was their screams that attracted the Cincinnati reporters, who stuck it into the papers that the boys had been fighting.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

H. M., Bordenstown, N. J.—No.

Tom Brown, Rush Hill, Mo.—No record.

T. J. Parsons, N. Y. There was no record.

W. G. Chicago.—The East river is a salt water river.

W. P., Coulterville.—To what statement do you refer?

W. N., Niles, Ohio.—Sunday is the first day of the week.

G. S. F., Syracuse, N. Y.—Five miles, 17m 56 2-3 amateur.

G. O. M., North Blenheim.—See answer to H. A., Rahway, N. J.

Brownson, Coldwater, Mich.—It is a foul; the shot does not count.

B. T., St. Vincent.—The left arm and left leg is the correct position.

T. G., Renville, Ohio.—Tom Sayers never fought either Mace or King.

Anna E. Lynn, Boston, Mass.—Billy Lynn is a resident of Denver, Col.

Walter Fox, Camden, N. J.—Send 30 cents for "Life of John C. Heenan."

C. C., Austin, Texas.—He was born in Ireland, and never lived in Canada.

P. L. K., N. Y.—Sullivan never sparred at the Metropolitan theatre, this city.

A. Reader, Newton, Ky.—Mitchell and Shade were to have fought in Kansas.

L. H., Cold Springs, N. Y.—William Madden was born in Marylebone, England.

S. O., Green Bay, Wis.—John Morrissey died at Saratoga, N. Y., on May 1, 1878. 2. No.

A. L. P., Mobile, Alabama.—Yes, if both pugilists agree that gloves shall not be used.

S. O., Lafayette, Ind.—Aaron Jones did second Heenan when the latter fought Morrissey.

C. H. P., Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Geo. B. Whitman, 5 out of 10 blows, 18-year rise, May 17.

H. A., Newark, N. J.—Nine and a quarter seconds. George Seward, England, Sept. 30, 1881.

A. G. N., Eden, Texas.—1. The shield side is head. 2. Yes, it certainly increases the weight.

J. M., Newark, N. J.—Panchet won two 6-day races, both in Mallon Square Garden, N. Y.

J. C., Savannah, Ga.—Jem Mace has the reputation of being the most scientific pugilist in the world.

C. R. Ryno, Syracuse, Mo.—Seward is credited with having done 133 yards in 9 1/2, but we doubt its correctness.

M. M., Cincinnati, O.—The Mitchell-Cleary contest of April 9, 1881, was stopped by the police in the third round.

J. C. B., Brockton, Mass.—Hassan was beaten in four regatta; two in Boston and one each in Providence and Fall River.

C. C. D., St. Louis.—1. Charley Mitchell was born on November 21, 1851, hence he is 29 years old. 2. He stands 5 ft 8 1/2 in in height.

M. B., Hanover, Ind.—Billy Edwards' last battle with Sam Collier was decided at Mill Creek, W. Va., Aug. 11, 1871 and Edwards was the winner.

W. G. M. N.—Homotomastous is from the Latin "homo" (man), and "stomastous," out of the order of nature; usually used as speaking of something large.

G. G., Washington, D. C.—If a horse trots for a purse on a public track, the time made constitutes a record. Exhibitions of speed amount to nothing.

A. G., Denver, Col.—1. Tom Hyer never put on the gloves with Country McClosky. 2. Jim Ward, the English pugilist, was of Irish descent. 3. Yes. 4. No.

J. C., Taftville, Conn.—1. William Muldoon, the wrestler, was born in Belfast, Ireland. 2. He was born in Belfast, N. Y., May, 1854. 3. He stands 5 ft 9 1/2 in.

W. S., New Orleans.—1. Yankee Sullivan's weight when he fought Tom Hyer was 135 lbs. 2. Hyer weighed 185 lbs. 3. Hyer was considered the best pugilist of his day.

H. A., Rahway, N. J.—George Seward's time for 100 yards, 9 1/2, is said to be the best time on record. No pedestrian but Seward has ever run the distance in that time.

Tom Collins, N. Y.—1. Mitchell had the best of the fight from first to last, and, in all probability, would have knocked Cleary out had not the contest been stopped. 2. Kilmartin is of Irish parents.

P. W., Charleston, S. C.—The Oxford University crew defeated a four-oared crew from Harvard University, in a four-oared straightaway shell race on the Thames river, England, Aug. 27, 1880.

P. E., Indianapolis.—The use of dumb-bells and horizontal bar exercise will produce muscle and strengthen the arms. James Dugrey, Mechanicsville, N. Y., has, it is said, the best breed of game-fowl in America.

J. E. G., Tarrytown, N. Y.—1. Fitzgerald won three 6-day races, Dec. 26-31, 1881, 581 miles 55 yards; Oct. 23-28, 1882, 577 miles 41 yards; April 28 to May 3, 1884, 610 miles. 2. Yes, once in the October, 1882, race.

M. S., Green Bay.—1. Bob Brettie, the celebrated Scotch pugilist first brought Sam Hurst into prominence in prize-ring circles. 2. Hurst was born at Marsden, Yorkshire, Eng., March 13, 1832. 3. He stood 6 ft 2 1/2 in in height, and weighed 254 lbs.

J. S., Lockport, N. Y.—1. Tom Sayers displayed but little outward development of muscle, especially upon his arms. 2. Close examination, however, showed a development about the shoulders and neck of unusual character for a man of his size.

A. F. B., Boston, Mass.—1. Neither Paddy Ryan nor John L. Sullivan was weighed before they entered the ring to fight at Mississippi City. 2. Ryan's trainer, Johnnie Roche, claimed that Ryan weighed 193 lbs. 3. Sullivan weighed 195 lbs.

W. W., Washington.—1. It was the steamboat America that was racing on the Hudson with the Henry Clay when the latter was burned July 25, 1852. 2. Hard gloves are made just the same as ordinary gloves, only there is not so much hair stuffing.

J. B., Charlestown, W. Va.—The present practice of boxing is derived from the old customs of competitions of ancient Greece. Boxing-gloves, in those days, were not like the neat, padded, harness articles used by modern pugilists, but were formidable weapons of offense.

H. B., Danville, Pa.—1. Peter Morris, the late feather-weight champion of England, came to this country with Bill Ryall and Tom Allen, in 1857. 2. Yes, he fought ten times in the ring, winning nine battles. The tenth ended in a draw after fighting two days. 3. Yes.

F. A. H., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Letters addressed to the Hudson Mfg. Co. are not delivered, but sent to Deal Letter Office marked "Refused." You had better write to Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C., asking for the return of your letter and inclosure.

S. H., Baltimore, Md.—The first prize fight for the championship of England after Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan fought was between Sam Hurst and Tom Paddock, and was won by the former, who received the English champion belt consequently Hurst was next champion after Sayers.

S. P., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. The championship billiard match 2,000 points up, 4-ball caroms, for \$10,000, between Phelan and Seerister was played at Detroit, Mich., on April 12, 1880. Phelan

was the winner, scoring 2,001 points to his opponent's 1,994. 2. The contest was for the championship p.

D. S., Plainville, Va.—1. Jim Coyne and Harry Allen (Tom Allen's brother) fought at Cinder Bank, Eng., Aug. 4, 1883. Fosh Price and Jim Hodgkins seconded Allen, and Tom Lane and Nobby Hall seconded Coyne. 2. Allen won in 56 rounds, lasting 1h 2m. 3. Coyne was only a novice at the time.

C. H., Albany, N. Y.—1. Tom Sayers stood 5 ft 8 1/2 in in height. 2. He weighed 162 lbs. 3. He fought 15 battles in the prize ring. 4. Peter Dwyer, the reformed pugilist, fought two battles in the prize ring. 5. Not O'Ballwin fought Geo. Iles and Andrew Marsden, in England, both of whom he defeated.

BURKE.—Your complaint against Babcock & Co., of Centerbrook, Conn., is unreasonable. You admit ordering a badge of Democratic nominee for President, and expect them to fill it before convention meets. When the nomination is made your order will be filled as soon as the goods are obtainable.

R. M., Trino, W. T.—1. Mike Donovan was born in Chicago, in 1849. 2. He stands 5 ft 8 in in height, and when trained weighs 145 lbs. 3. Yes; he is a brother of the once famous Jerry Donovan, who in 1867 whipped Jim (Australian) Kelly in a bar-room, and offered to fight any man in the world at 140 lbs for \$100.

H. S., New London, Conn.—1. Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, fought nine battles. He won six and lost three, received forfeit three times, and paid forfeit twice. 2. Chas. Freeman, the American Giant, stood 6 ft 10 1/2 in in height; he fought twice with the Tipton Slasher, but it was one battle, the police stopping the mill, but finally Freeman won.

M. H., Pittsfield, Mass.—Jem Mace's and Joe Goss' first battle was on Sept. 1, 1863, in England. They fought 19 rounds, when Mace delivered a tremendous blow with his right on Goss' left jaw which sounded all over the ring. Goss fell on his hands and knees, with his head doubled under him, in absolute insensibility. The fight lasted 2h 10m, and it was one of the hardest battles Mace ever fought.

C. AND D., Butte City, Montana.—Dwins. Rule 6 of "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules, says: "During the contest if either man fall through weakness or otherwise he must get up unassisted, 10s being allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the 3m have expired, and if one man falls to come to the scratch in the 10s allowed it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man."

J. S., Boston, Mass.—The prize fight between Jim Dillon and Bob Travers was fought August 11, 1863, at Twyford Station, England. The battle was stopped by the police at 7 rounds, the pugilists had fought 28 rounds, in 1h 46m and 36s. The referee ordered the pugilists to go to Oxfordshire, and a ring was pitched at Wargrave Ferry. Fifty-three more rounds were fought in 2h and 7m, when again the police appeared. The referee ordered the pugilists to go back to Twyford, where another ring was pitched. Dillon was present, and entered the inclosure, but Travers (who was terribly punished) failed to appear, and Dillon was declared the winner, and on the day following received the stakes.

M. H. W., Lockport, N. Y.—At the time Bob Brettie challenged Tom Sayers to fight, he stood 5 ft 7 1/2 in in height, and weighed 144 lbs, and had the credit of beating Jem Mace, in 3 rounds lasting 3m, for £100 a side, Sept. 21, 1855, as well as having fought Malpas, Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, and beat Roger Coyne, Sam Simmonds, Job Cobley and Bob Travers. Sayers and Brettie fought for £2000, Sayers' backer laying the odds £200 to £200; an outside bet was also made of £200 to £200 that Sayers would not win in 10m. Sayers won in 7 rounds, lasting 15m. Brettie dislocated his shoulder. Brettie had not a ghost of a chance of beating Sayers, who outclassed him.

H. B., Baltimore, Md.—1. Tom King was born in Silver street, Stepney, Eng., Aug. 13, 1835, stood 6 ft 2 in in height, and fought at 182 lbs. 2. Mike McCool and Aaron Jones fought on the 31st of August, 1887, at Bunsenbar's station, on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, about 31 miles from Cincinnati, Ohio. Jerry Donovan and Sherman Thurston did not second McCool. Denny O'Brien and Sherman Thurston seconded McCool, while Jerry Donovan and Jim Cusack seconded Aaron Jones. The battle was a terrific one; 34 rounds were fought in 2m, when McCool with a terrific right-hand blow, which landed just above Jones' smelling apparatus, knocked him clean off his legs. Jones fell all of a heap, senseless and bleeding, and was not able to again face the music. The blow that finished the fight was received by Jones upon the forehead, just above the bridge of the nose, producing concussion of the brain and vomiting. He lay unconscious for over 15m, and was removed to Shady Grove, 4 miles from Cincinnati, where he trained for the mill.

D. W., St. Joseph.—1. No. Joseph H. Sadler was the first earman to hold the title of champion of the world, and he won it at Halifax, N. S., Sept. 1, 1871. Sadler came to this country as a member of the Renforth-Perry crew, and it was in his arms that Renforth, then the champion of England, fell back in an exploding condition in the memorable four-oared match race against the Paris crew of St. John. In the Halifax race Sadler beat George Brown, of Halifax; Harry Kelley, of London; Robert Bagnall, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Henry Coulter, of Allogheny, Pa., and George Lovitt, of Halifax. At Saratoga Lake, on Sept. 12, in the same year, Sadler beat Kelley, John Riglin, of New York; Ellis Ward, of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson; John Bright, of Newcastle, and Bagnall. Sadler, when he returned to England, could get no one to row him, and according to the rules could not be champion of England, unless he rowed for and won the title. At last Bagnall rowed him a race on April 16, 1871, which Sadler won, and on Nov. 13, 1875, Sadler beat Bagnall. In the summer of 1876 Edward Trickett, of Australia, challenged and rowed Sadler for the championship of the world, and the race was rowed over the Thames course, Trickett winning easily.

M. H., Brownsville, Texas.—Henry Clay died of a broken heart, not because he lost the Presidency, but Henry Clay, Jr., was his father's idol. He was sent to West Point, where he graduated second in his class. After four months in the army he resigned, and began practicing law in Lexington, living with his father at Ashland. Not a young man in Kentucky promised better things than he did. When the Mexican war broke out he was determined to go. His father made no objection, and he went out as Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Kentucky regiment. At the battle of Buena Vista, Santa Anna, with 32,000 troops, nearly overcame Gen. Taylor, with about one-eighth that number. Clay fought hard, but as his regiment was falling back a shot went through both legs. He was not mortally wounded, and three men picked him up to convey him off the field. It soon became evident that the Mexicans would overtake them. "Save yourselves, boys," he said, and taking the pistol which his father had given him, he handed it to one of the men with the words: "Take this and return it to my father. Tell him I have no further use for it." With that they dropped him and ran after the retreating troops. The last they saw of Clay he was lying on his back, fighting a squad of Mexicans with his sword. Next morning his body was found, backed to pieces and mutilated by the cowards who had killed him. The pistol came to his father, then a senator. He never smiled again, and though he lived several years after, I am convinced that he died from the blow.

J. A. B., Peoria, Ill.—Cleary was born in Queen's county, Ireland, in 1857. He is a powerful young gladiator possessed of great muscular development. He stands 5 ft 8 1/2 in in height and weighs 175 lbs. Cleary has gained a great reputation as a pugilist. He is a clever, scientific boxer, and can deliver a tremendous blow. He has fought only one battle in the prize ring, that on March 22, 1875, with James Weeden, the pugilist who killed Philip Koster, better known as Walker, in the prize ring. In the battle with Weeden Cleary proved that he possessed all the qualities necessary to make a first-class pugilist and displayed great courage and stamina. He beat Weeden in 33 rounds, which were fought in 1h 35m. Upon the arrival in this country of Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, Cleary challenged him to box 4 three-minute rounds for a percentage of the gate receipts. The match was arranged and the pugilists met in the American Institute, in this city. The contest ended in favor of Mitchell, who had decided by the best of the encounter. Cleary returned to Philadelphia, where he was then keeping a saloon, sold out his place and returned to New York. He opened the well-known sporting resort 27 Bowery, N. Y., and made it, by hard work and able management, the leading sporting house on the Bowery. About four months ago Cleary posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge to fight any pugilist in America, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$250. No one accepted the challenge, and Cleary withdrew his money. Cleary's last engagements were knocking out Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, on April 18 last in this city, and repeating the operation at Philadelphia in 1

Settled by the Code.

Two negro women, of Concordia Parish, La., recently fought a duel. They imitated the customs of their old-time owners. Probably they had some of the blood of the Southern chivalry in their veins, a not unusual thing in that locality. They had a little difficulty, and resolved to settle it by the code. There was not much choice of weapons, as all they possessed were an old revolver and an antiquated shotgun. They met, however, on the field of honor, and blazed away at each other, with the usual result, in that neighborhood. Nobody was hurt—both were considerably frightened. This result is attributed to the fact that the combatants shut their eyes during the firing.

A Missing Man.

Mr. Alfred Sheldon, former manager of the Kansas City branch of the Blue Springs Milling Company, and a member of the company, has



ALFRED SHELDON,

AN ENGLISH CITIZEN, WHOSE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE FROM KANSAS CITY CAUSED ACTION IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

disappeared from his home in Kansas City under peculiarly mysterious circumstances. Monday evening, May 5, two men stepped out of a buggy at the residence of Mr. Sheldon and knocked for admittance. The door was opened by Sheldon himself, and the men declared that they had a warrant for his arrest, adding that they were going to take him to Independence. Sheldon was astonished, but said he would accompany them, and, after a few preliminaries, bidding his wife good-by, he stepped into the buggy with the two men and was driven away. From that day to this Sheldon has not been seen by any of his friends, and his whereabouts are shrouded in the deepest mystery. A rumor gained ground that, owing to difficulties in which he was involved with the Blue Springs Milling Company, he had voluntarily absented himself and left the country for England.

The interest in the case was several days ago revived in a most intense manner, from the fact that news of the disappearance having reached England, friends and relatives of Sheldon have written letters to his wife anxiously



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

JEANNIE WINSTON.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

inquiring for further particulars, and stating that he has not arrived in England, and expressing the greatest fears for his safety. Letters have been received by Mrs. Sheldon, which she declares were written by her husband, and in which the declaration is positively made that Sheldon was kidnapped, and is being held in order to effect a more speedy and desirable settlement of the partnership affairs of the Blue Springs Milling Company. That Sheldon was actually kidnapped there have been few who were willing to believe, and members of the Milling Company and their friends hoot at the

idea of any such extraordinary move having been made. Mrs. Sheldon asserts that on the second Tuesday after the kidnapping she received a pencil-letter in Mr. Sheldon's handwriting, evidently dictated by some one, and written in fear of death. The letter had no date and no address. The envelope was postmarked Kansas City, 4 P. M. The letter was to this effect:

"A committee have me who will not let me go unless I pay the Blue Springs Milling Company; but the claim is \$14,000, the house and lot in Kansas City and my share in the mill. Please

write to mother, Edward, Stephen and Charles in England, and ask them to let me have the money so that I may live, for if I do not pay it I shall be shot. The money is to be paid to the account of the Blue Springs Milling Company in the bank of H. S. Mills & Son. I have been taken care of so far, but do not let any one know you have received this letter or I shall be shot."

Additional interest is given to the case by the following press dispatch:

LONDON, June 24.—In the Commons Fitzmaurice, Under Secretary, stated that a dispatch from Washington, June 13, expressed regrets that inquiries about Sheldon, the Englishman alleged to be held for ransom in Kansas, are so far unavailing. No efforts will be spared to secure his safety.

Jeannie Winston.

Miss Jeannie Winston is one of the best-known and most popular singers in comic



ABRAHAM R. WARNER,

A NEW YORK MERCHANT, FOUND DEAD ON A SIDEWALK UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

opera now before the public. She has been under engagement to Col. McCaull, but next season will appear as the star of a comic opera company now being formed. Her most marked successes have been in the operas of "Eocaccio" and "Fatinitza," in both of which her clever vocalism and sprightly acting were displayed to advantage. She has much of the animal spirits of Catherine Lewis without her proneness to vulgarity, and has won admirers. By birth she is an Englishwoman, and is a most estimable lady in private life. She is the wife of A. H. Bell, who has also distinguished himself in comic opera.

A WHITE squall caught a party of tourists moving across a lake in Scotland, and threatened to capsize the boat. When it seemed that the crisis had really come, the largest and physically strongest of the party, in a state of intense fear, said: "Let us pray!" "No, no, my man," shouted the bluff old boatman, "let that little man pray; you take an oar!"



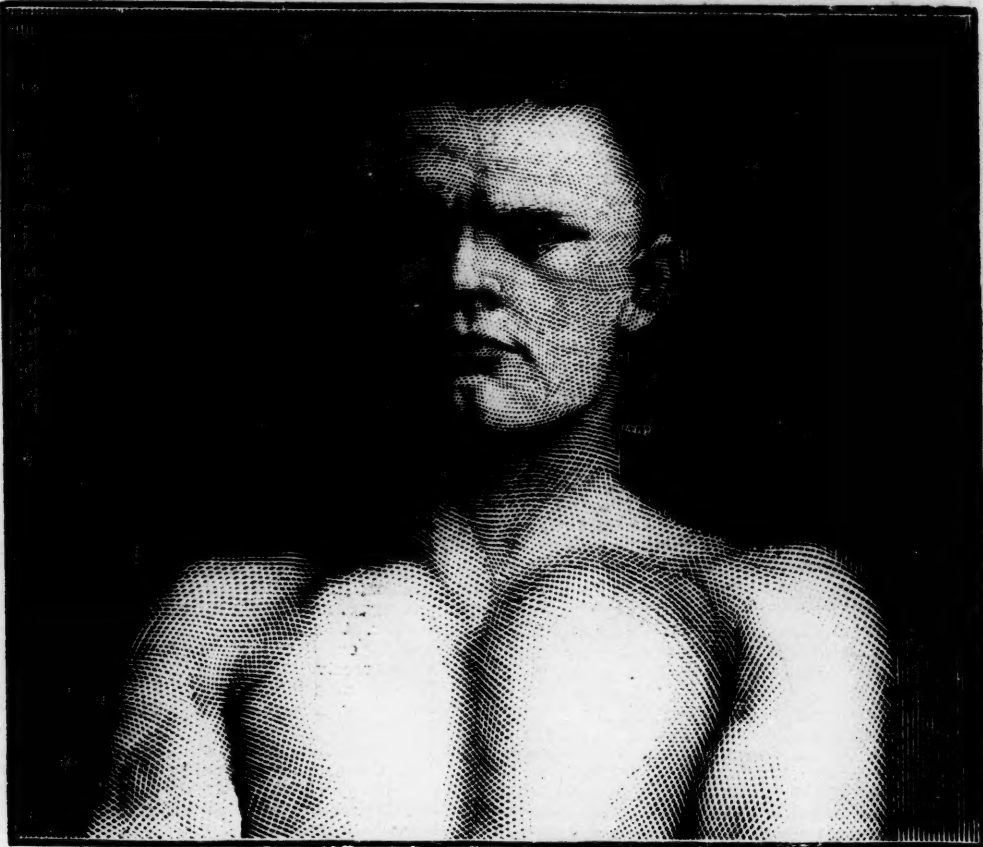
THROTTLING A BLOODHOUND.

THE HEROIC ENCOUNTER OF A BOSTON BOOK-KEEPER WITH A FIERCIOUS DOG AT MEDFORD, MASS.



SETTLED BY THE CODE.

HOW TWO NEGRO WOMEN OF CONCORDIA PARISH, LA., FOUGHT A BLOODLESS DUEL WITH THEIR EYES SHUT.



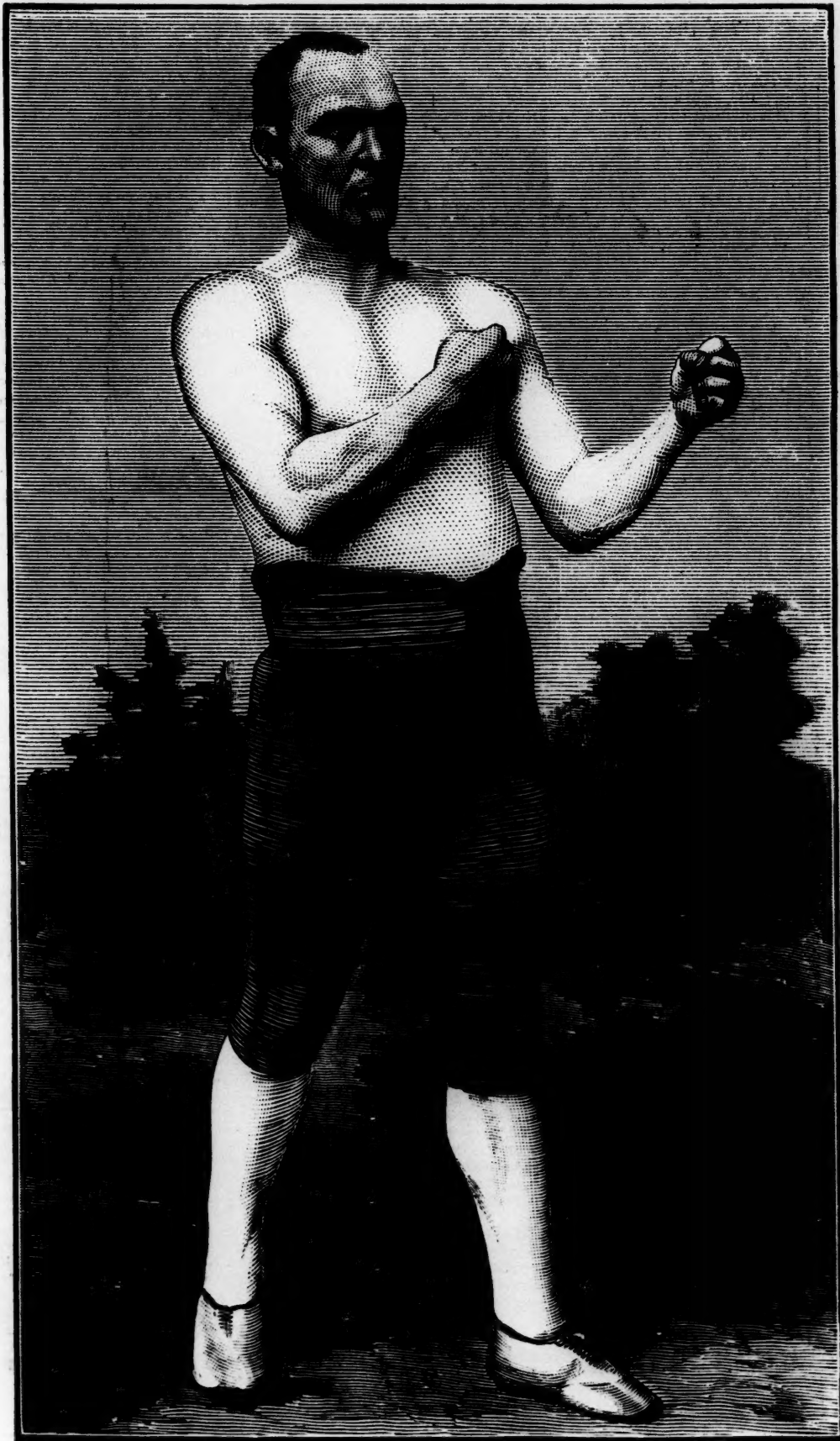
WILLIAM BAKER,

THE CHAMPION PUGILIST OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Tommy Barnes.

Tommy Barnes is one of the latest importations of English pugilists. He was born in Sheffield, Eng., on June 6, 1847. He stands 5 feet 13/4

inches in height, and weighs 118 pounds in condition. The following is his record: Beat Monk Andrews, 1867, for £5 a side, in 1 hour 7 minutes; beat Jimmy Tower for £5 in 1 hour 50 minutes, 1867; fought Jimmy Mannion to a



TOMMY BARNES,

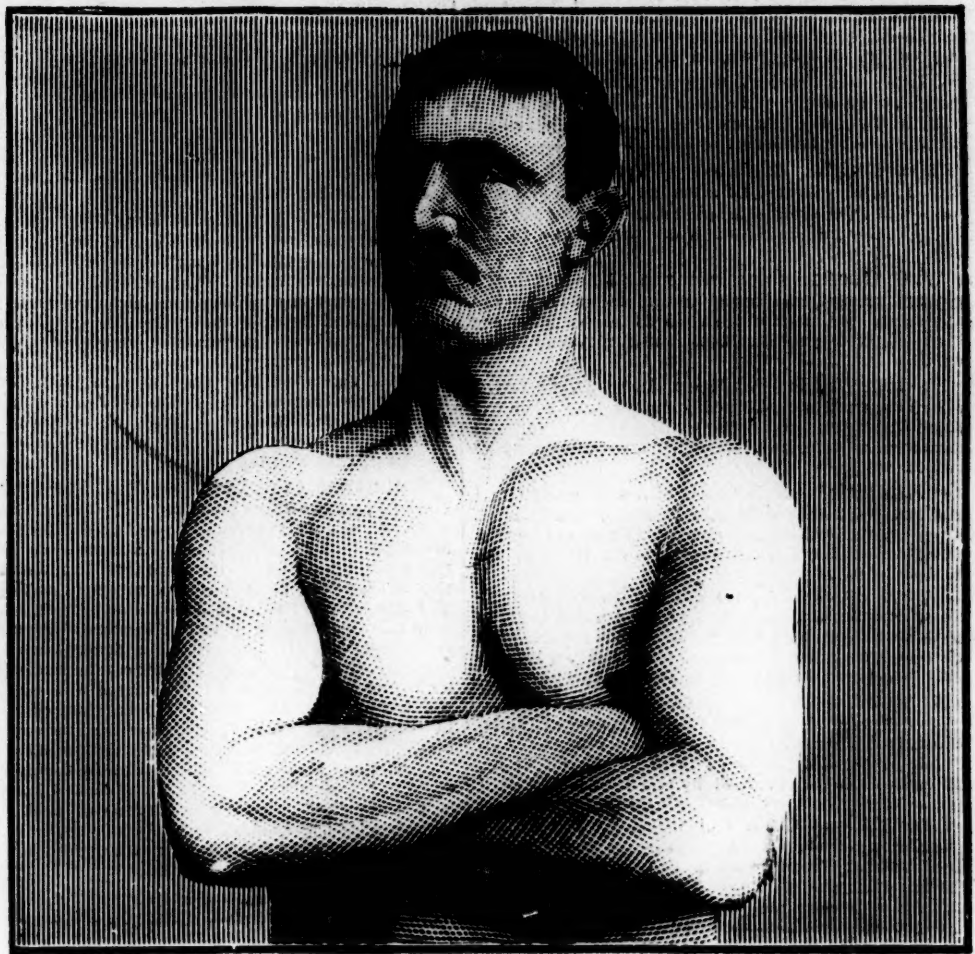
A CELEBRATED ENGLISH PUGILIST LATELY ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY.



JAMES LYNCH,

A NOTED PUGILIST, KNOWN AS THE ALBANY STONE-CUTTER.

draw for £2 10s a side, 1 hour 20 minutes; beat Tip Taylor for £10 a side in 3 hours 5 minutes, after fighting 1 hour and 20 minutes with three broken fingers, 1870; beat Jimmy Mannion for £20 a side in 50 minutes, in 1872; beat George Harmsfield for £5 a side in 12 minutes, 1873; beat Jimmy Parsons, of London, for £25 a side in 1 hour 40 minutes, 1874; beat Pimp Knowles, of Chesterfield, for £5 a side in 54 minutes, 1875; beat Peebaw, of Claycross, in 1 hour 10 minutes, 1875; beat Walter Jessup at catch weight, Jessup standing 5 feet 11 1/4 and scaled 194 pounds, in 45 minutes, 1879; beaten by Jimmy Moran, alias "Bit More Bread," at catch weight, Moran standing 5 feet 9 3/4 and scaled 154 pounds, in 1 hour 10 minutes, 1883; beaten by Big Joe, better known as "Legs Holden," at catch weight, for £5 a side, Holden standing 6 feet 1/2 inch and scaled 188 pounds, Barnes receiving three broken ribs, in seven rounds, lasting 52 minutes.



PATSY CARDIFF,

A WONDERFUL PUGILIST OF THE WEST, WHO WANTS TO MEET SULLIVAN.

SPORTING NEWS.

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\$1.50.

The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX. Beware of imitations. Libr. at discount to agents.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

EPH SNEDEKER will train Grooms for the fall campaign.

H. L. CORTIS, ex-amateur champion of England, is seriously ill at Sydney, Australia.

A. C. FISH, of Coldwater, Mich., has bought the six-year-old bay mare Masterblade for \$5,000.

PIERRE LORILLARD's Wanda is a true race-horse, and if P. Lorillard has any better he is in luck.

MATT. KENNEY, of Williamsburgh, L. I., the bill-poster, has opened the Mansion House, at Flatbush.

LORD ROSEBURY has purchased the race-horse Foxhall, which J. R. Keene formerly owned, paying \$1,900.

SCOTT, the railroad millionaire of Erie, Penn., will be the largest winner of the Coney Island Jockey Club meeting.

If the Hancock stable has in reserve a better two-year-old than Wanda, Florio will meet her Waterloo at Monmouth.

It is reported that the Dwyer Brothers will run Panique at Monmouth. It will be dangerous to put money on him.

AFTER a long rest from racing, Hon. C. W. Hutchinson has been persuaded to take the presidency of the Utica Park Association.

TRISTAN, the English race-horse, has won the Hardwicke stakes three years in succession. This year the stake was valued at \$13,300.

THE American lacrosse team's visit to England has proved a failure, financially. The English sporting public don't like the game.

WALLACE ROSS and John Teemer are negotiating for a 3-mile race for \$1,000 a side, to be rowed at Oak Point course the first week in August.

LOFTIN, who won the Hymar stakes at Latonia, and who was second to Buchanan in the Kentucky Derby, is laid up for repairs at Chicago.

FRANK D. FOSTER of Flint, Mich., challenges any man in America to a corn-planting match for any sum. He states he can put in 7½ acres per day.

AFTER Duncan C. Ross defeated Wm. Muldoon at Cincinnati he challenged anybody in the world, mixed wrestling, 3 falls in 5, for \$1,000 to \$1,500.

THE Dwyers have not the crack three-year-old, as they had for the past four or five years. Well, you cannot find Hindoes and Luke Blackburns every year.

THERE is no use putting aside form and breeding. There is nothing out this season that can beat George Kinney and Miss Woodford, Dwyer's great team.

A MATCH has been made between Jacob Granda, of St. Louis, and Henry Peterson, of San Francisco, to row 3 miles with a turn at Creve Coeur lake, Mo., for \$500 a side.

MOLLIE MCCARTHY in her palmist days never saw the time she could hold her own with her sensational daughter, Fallen Leaf. The latter is simply an equine wonder.

ROWELL says he is confident of his ability to beat Fitzgerald's big score of 610 miles for 6 days. But for going amies in the middle of his last race he would have scored over 620 miles.

A FOOT-RACE was run at Taunton, Mass., between Tim Mahoney, of Taunton, and James Driscoll, of Londale. The distance was 100 yards and the stakes \$200. Mahoney won in 11s.

THE 2-mile scullers' race between Nick Layberger, of Pittsburg, and James Ten Eyck, of Peckskill, N. Y., on the Charles river, Boston, Mass., June 23, was won by Layberger by half a length.

THE Knights of Labor of Troy had a gala day June 23. Over 5,000 attended their picnic and games, at Pleasure and Maple Islands. Billy Madden and Charley Mitchell carried off the honors of the day.

W. G. GEORGE's performance at Aston, Eng., recently stamps him as the second fastest runner in the world. He ran a mile in 4m 13 2/5-12 1/2 faster than his own previous best amateur record in the world.

AT London, England, on June 23, a cricket match occurred at the Kennington Oval, between the Australian team and the Gentlemen of England. The former were victorious, leading their opponents by 47 points.

ON the evening of the 25th ult., a fire occurred at Cassidy's Palace Saloon, Baltimore, Md. Barnett Euerich, the well-known sport, was severely burned about the hands while endeavoring to extinguish the flames.

JAMES CRAWLEY, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of Long Island, proprietor of the saloon 285 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., has rechristened his house, changing the name from the "Police Gazette" Shades to the Richard K. Fox Sporting Palace.

MICKEY DONNELLY, the feather-weight pugilist, late of Brooklyn, N. Y., is now a resident of Walla Walla, Wash. He has set the town crazy over an athletic entertainment to come off in a week or so. All contests to be governed by the "Police Gazette" rules.

THE Altoona Club, the worst in the Union Association, has furnished players for the League. Manlove and Brown were signed by both the New York and Indianapolis clubs, and now Cleveland has taken George Smith, of that team, to play an infield position.

BROCKWAY, the proprietor of the Ashland House, where Sullivan and his Boston friends stopped in New York, said that in the future when Sullivan came to this city he would have to put up at another hotel, as his conduct on this trip would cause him to be forbidden the use of any rooms in the house.

WM. P. KIRK, President of the New York Board of Aldermen, fell from a cherry-tree at his summer residence at Ronkonkoma, L. I., on July 1, and received injuries of so serious a nature that he had to be brought to this city for treatment. It is believed that he will not be able to attend the Chicago Convention.

TOM SWEENEY is doing a thriving business at his "Police Gazette" Shades, 279 Grand street, New Haven, Conn. He has enlarged his house, adding billiard and pool parlors, and reading-room. Also added some rare old-timers' photos to his "sporting picture-gallery," of which he has the finest in the State.

THE eight-oared crew of the Nonparell Rowing Club, of Harlem, N. Y., which started to row from this city to Albany, 100 miles, arrived on July 1. They were met just above Castleton, eight miles from Albany, by a number of city oarsmen and escorted to the boat-house of the Albany Rowing Club, where they took a shower bath, donned their natty club uniforms and talked about their trip.

A PRIZE fight for \$25 a side, took place near Morrisville, N. J., on July 1, between two Trenton sluggers named Samuel Lloyd, Jr., and John Boyce. The latter was the smaller man, he only weighing 130 lbs to the other's 170. After 6 rounds Lloyd was declared the winner. Neither was badly punished. They were backed by Trenton saloon-keepers. The fight was witnessed by about thirty favored spectators.

THE international cricket match between the Philadelphia team and the Gentlemen of Hampshire was resumed at Southampton, Eng., on June 23. The Gentlemen of Hampshire won the game by 5 wickets. The Gentlemen of Hampshire made only 85 in their second inning. The score of the Americans was: Scott, 9; Clarke, 10; Thayer, 3; R. Newhall, 9; C. Newhall, 8; Brodie, 1; Brunsner, 9; Lw, 8; Morgan (not out); McNutt, 2; Lowry, 14; extras, 13.

PLUNGER WALTON's Richmond is one of the highest types of the modern racer, as he joins to a blood-like outline the most heroic mold of bone and muscle, and his importation will be of lasting benefit to the blood of the country. Last year in England he won three out of eight races, the Anglesie plate, at Four Oaks; the Stanley stakes at Epsom, and the Hardwick, at Stockton, beating St. Medard and others. He was a good fourth in the City and Suburban the past spring, but was unplaced in the Derby.

VANDERBILT is afraid to put Maud S. against Jay-Eye-See. He is well aware that Jay-Eye-See can beat Maud S. Since Maud S. has been the property of Vanderbilt she has trotted at least a dozen times against the best horses, and on the best tracks in the country, in each instance for money, and her earnings have been considerable for her owner and manager. In addition it may be stated that on July 4, 1881, Maud S., then owned by Vanderbilt, trotted for gate money over the Detroit Driving Club's course.

"GUS" HEUTNER, the light-weight champion of Long Island, has accepted the challenge of "Billy" Newhall, the Long Island City pugilist, to fight within four weeks for \$1,000. Heutner defeated Newhall about two months ago, and the challenge is the result of it. Newhall has been in training since the last fight in charge of Larry Casey, the well-known sporting man. Heutner is backed by William English. All arrangements have been completed, and both men will surely fight.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following parties: L. Alanzanpala, Doc. Baggs, Mr. Calvin, Wm. Day, owner of dog Ned; Frank Donnell, Miss Annie Dunscombe, Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates (2), H. F. Jacoby, Tom Kling (2), John Kinlock (2), Geo. W. Lee, Wm. Muldoon (2), Wm. Mantell, Matt. Moore, Michael McCarthy, John S. Prince, Luch Robinson (3), John Roannan, John Rankin, Mlle. St. Quentin, Dick Stewart, Miss Katie Stokes, Happy Jack Smith, Wm. Stoops, J. C. Seymour, Harry Woodson, Prof. Will-Willie.

BILLY MADDEN, who acted as Mitchell's manager, said that in counting over the tickets 400 counterfeitlets had been discovered. This reduced the total receipts to \$6,663. The rent of the garden was \$1,000, and outside expenses were \$1,250, leaving \$2,163 for each of the men. This money was paid to Sullivan and Mitchell immediately after the closing of the garden on Monday night. He had heard nothing said about refunding any money, and he did not see how this could be done, as there were 600 dead-heads and 400 counterfeitlets.

THE Cleveland Driving Park Company offers a purse of \$4,000 to Jay-Eye-See and Clingstone, both to enter and start on Thursday, July 31. The race will be mile heats in harness, the best three in five, and the winner to take the whole purse. The entries will close July 8 and must be accompanied by a forfeit of \$1,000 for non-appearance at the post, to be paid to the horse appearing ready for the start. If both horses start the forfeit money will be refunded. Each party is to select one judge, and the two chosen will select a third. There is the usual weather-clause condition regarding the horses starting.

JUDGE WYLLIE, at Columbus, Ohio, on June 23 refused the application for a writ of habeas corpus in the case of the State against Fred. H. Carroll, catcher of the Columbus Baseball Club, who, with a number of other players of the Columbus and Brooklyn clubs, were arrested for violating a State law by playing on Sunday. The Judge held that the phrase "breach of the peace" in the statutes, includes all indictable offenses, and that the arrests on Sunday were legal. He remanded the prisoner to the custody of a constable. The president of the baseball club says this is a death-blow to the game in Columbus, as it cannot be supported without Sunday games.

THE new steam yacht Electra, built by the Harlem and Hollingsworth Company for Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, has been placed in commission. Mr. Gerry, accompanied by Judge Monell and a number of gentlemen who have been connected with the building of the yacht, sailed from Wilmington, Del., on June 23. The Electra is 171 ft long. Her beam is 23 ft, and her hold 12 ft. Her model is very fine forward and aft. She is schooner-rigged, her spars being rather larger than is usual. Either sea or fresh water can be run into the baths and wash-bowls and there heated by steam. All the lights are furnished by the Edison Company. The masthead light at sea will be an incandescent lamp of 100-candle power, visible ten miles away. The port and starboard lights will be brilliant incandescent lamps also. It requires about 60 lamps to light the vessel. She carries 120 tons of coal. Capt. George Wicks, formerly of the Dauntless, is sailing-master of the Electra. The crew numbers fifteen all told. Mr. Gerry expects to take a run up the coast the last of July.

AT Portland, Oregon, recent Jy. Peto Lawler, of San Francisco, and Dave Campbell fought Queensberry rules with hard blows for \$250. Campbell is but twenty years old and weighs 175 lbs. Lawler is thirty-seven years old and weighs 168 lbs. In the first round Campbell forced the fighting. Lawler got in some good blows, but Campbell took no notice of them, and hammered Peto, knocking him down twice, once over the

ropes. The latter also got down several times to escape punishment. In the second round Lawler came up fresh, but wary of close quarters. Campbell again forced the fighting, and, seeing his opportunity, sent a crushing left-hander under Lawler's ear. Lawler staggered and fell on his face senseless, not noticing the deafening cheer from 1,400 throats greeting young Campbell as winner. Jimmy Bates was Campbell's trainer and opened the evening's exercises in a scientific set-to with Billy Morgan. Henry Griffin was referee. Betting was about even.

PADDY LEE, the well-known English pugilist, was arrested on July 1 by Detective Sullivan, charged with robbing William H. Cheney of a pocket-book containing \$51 in bills and a check for \$10.33. Mr. Cheney is from Bedford Station, Westchester county, and was in New York on Saturday night, June 23. He went through the Bowery to a saloon in Hester street, where he had two glasses of beer. On leaving he noticed a man following him. Before reaching Canal street the stranger took hold of Mr. Cheney, and without speaking thrust his hand into the vest pocket, from which he took the wallet and the money. Then he coolly said good-night and sauntered off. Mr. Cheney, when recovered from his surprise, followed the thief, who darted into the side door of a neighboring saloon and escaped by another. The victim then went to the Eldridge street station and gave a description of the highwayman. Justice Ford held Lee for trial, but he was finally bailed out in the sum of \$500.

In a recent issue of the Daily News, N. Y., appeared a challenge from Dan O'Leary to Wm. Edwards, the "Australian," to walk a six-day heel-and-toe race, for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side. In reply to which we have received the following:

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "In reply to a challenge from Mr. D. O'Leary, I wish to state, for the information of O'Leary, Vaughan, Littlewood, Harriman, or any others who may claim championship honor, that I came to America expressly to meet the best men in the world. The present season being too warm for six-day walks, I leave for England in a few days, but will return early in September prepared to walk any man in the world 6 days for \$1,000 a side; or I will make one of a sweepstakes of any amount, from \$200 to \$1,000 and the world's heel-and-toe championship, the race to take place in New York city, where I have no doubt Mr. O'Leary would be as willing to walk as in Chicago. "Respectfully, WILLIAM EDWARDS. "Long-Distance Champion of Australia."

THE pigeon, Daby Mine, liberated at Atlanta, Ga., on June 23, arrived at E. H. Conover's at Keyport N. J., on July 1. The distance was 725 miles. Daby Mine has now made the second best record at this distance. It was hatched in April, 1933, and put on the road for the autumn races when yet a squab. When sent for marketing she and her mates were so ragged from their first baby moult, that the owner was obliged to get them clothes and bonnets before sending them visiting. From 117 miles this bird was ninth, but from 133 and 333 she was first, in the latter return alone before sunset, this being the first autumn race from over 200 miles in which there was a return the day of the start. This year she was less than three minutes later in alighting than the bird winning first from 133 and 333 miles, and had five-sixteenths of a mile further to fly. From Charlotte, N. C. 550 miles, she was eighth to return. With her sister and nest mate, Atlanta, returned from Atlanta last Sunday, she shares the honor for best American record for distance and as a hen.

THE following is a list of visitors to the POLICE GAZETTE office for the past week: Harry Hanson, Jerry Murphy, Wm. Edwards, Australian pugilist; Matt. Dunn, North Attleboro, Mass.; Gus Tuttle, John J. Kilbride, Boston, Mass.; Les. Lemons, Col. John S. Cunningham, pay department, U. S. Navy; Johnny Williams, Thad. McElhan, Charles Bullock, John Hughes, T. Buckley, Taunton, Mass.; Henry Murphy, Lynn, Mass.; Prof. Wm. McClellan, Tom Ewency, New Haven, Conn.; ex-Senator Fitzgerald, A. E. I. Tovey, Brewster's Journal; Happy Jack Smith, Hugh Coyle, special representative John L. Sullivan Combination; Thos. H. Ryder, Craney Island, Va.; William Spence, Edward Lynch, city; Arthur Sondant, Parson Davies, Chicago, Ill.; Jas. W. Clark, Scanton, Pa.; Frank Stevenson, McHenry Johnson, James Pilkington, Jack Welch, Philadelphia, Pa.; Tom Kennedy, Boston, Mass.; James Killoran, Troy, N. Y.; Dr. McDermott, Newtown, Conn.; Louis Presney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dennis Kellcher, Jere Dunn, Chicago, Ill.; Pat Rayle, Mike Cleary, Jack Burke, Harry Webb, Prof. Nixey.

AT the POLICE GAZETTE office, July 2, a wrestling match was arranged between Carlos Martino, the strong man of Mexico, and Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion. The match was arranged in an off-hand way. Jere Dunn, of Chicago, called at the GAZETTE office and said to Richard K. Fox: "I have a man who can throw your Japanese champion, and if you don't think so, I'll bet you \$500—producing five one-hundred-dollar bills as he spoke. "You don't mean it," replied Mr. Fox: "you're only joking." "Yes, I do mean it," responded Dunn, "and you can be stakeholder and appoint the referee. I have the wonder of the age in the wrestling line." "Well," said Mr. Fox, "I don't care for \$1,000, and I will wager that amount that your man cannot defeat Matsada Sorakichi. Who is your champion?" "My man is Carlos Martino, and I will back him for \$500." "All right," said Mr. Fox: "I'll wager \$500. When do you want the match decided?" "In two weeks," said Dunn, as he left \$500 on Mr. Fox's desk. Articles of agreement were then signed for the Japanese and Martino to wrestle inside of fifteen days for \$500 a side. The match will probably be decided in the Opera House at Cincinnati.

SEVERAL men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on July 2 to see Mike Cleary, the noted pugilist, and Jack Burke, who recently came from England, arrange a match. Both Cleary and Burke were present, also Joe Fowler, Young Nixey, Jere Dunn, of Chicago; Billy Bennett, Pat Rayle and others. The following are the articles of agreement: Articles of Agreement entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office this 2d day of July, 1934, between Mike Cleary, of New York, and Jack Burke, of England.

The said Mike Cleary and the said Jack Burke do hereby agree to box 4 rounds, with soft gloves, according to the POLICE GAZETTE Revised Queensberry rules, by which the said Mike Cleary and the said Jack Burke hereby mutually agree to be bound.

The said contest shall be for the receipts of the house, the winner to take sixty-five per cent, and the loser thirty-five per cent. To take place July 28, in a hall in this city, the men to be in the ring between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

Richard K. Fox shall appoint the time-keeper. The referee to be selected at the match.

Witnesses:

HARRY WEBB,
PAT. RAYLE

MIKE CLEARY,
JOHN BURKE

TURK, a brindle, lately imported, weighing 36 lbs, and Major, a white with yellow spots, from Newburgh, weighing 34 lbs, fought for \$500 in a well-known road house in Westchester, N. Y., on June 23.

For 15 minutes from the beginning of the fight the honors were even. Turk fought for the breast and throat, and Major for the head and shoulders. It was \$130 to \$30 at the outset on Major, and at the end of half an hour the odds were still stronger on the white dog. Major finally got hold of Turk's left ear and tore away a piece of it, making Turk howl with pain. Turk then got a throat hold and wrestled his antagonist all around the pit. With an effort Major shook Turk off. The dogs had now been fighting nearly an hour, and it came the Major's turn to scratch. As he crossed the pit Turk turned tail, and then the lissing began, and it was changed to a cheer in a moment, and Turk suddenly turned, and catching Major by the nose, threw him heavily. Major got on his feet again, and fought well for several minutes, but the odds were against him, and Turk, never letting up in his aggressive work, got a good throat-hold, and soon had him limp and helpless on the floor of the pit. Major's backers then gave up the fight, and Turk was dragged away at the end of 1h and 50m. Major will probably die from the effects of his wounds.

FIVE hundred people witnessed the slugging matches June 23 in the "Wigwam," on Forty-third street, Chicago. Friendly bouts between Hulch and Carroll and Brown and Coffe were followed by the event of the evening between Bradburn and Brunnock. George Williams officiated as master of ceremonies; C. C. Corbett, of the Sporting Journal, acted as referee, and Major William C. Lakeman as time-keeper. The agreement was that Bradburn must knock out Brunnock in 3 rounds, for which he was to receive 65 per cent. of the gate money, and failing, the money was to be divided. Thomas Carroll acted for Bradburn and John Neil for Brunnock. After cautioning the men as regards fouls, Referee Corbett gave the signal. The men went to work with a will, Bradburn commencing hostilities by planting his right on Brunnock's ribs. Brunnock retaliated and forced Bradburn to his corner, knocking him down. The second round was a repetition of the first. Science was disregarded, and the men fought until they could scarcely stand. The crowd grew disorderly and rushed forward to the stage. Benches and railings gave way, and the greatest disorder prevailed. The police force was powerless, and fully ten minutes elapsed before anything like quiet was restored. In the third round both men staggered to the front, struck a few times, clinched, fell and rolled against the wall. Capt. Sweeney at this juncture stepped forward and, after separating the men, announced that they must stop. Referee Corbett then announced it a draw, and closed by saying that both men were determined to have it out at a later date. Both were badly and about equally punished.

ON June 23, in Industrial Hall, Philadelphia, Jimmy Mitchell, Arthur Chambers' pet light-weight pugilist, and Jack Keenan, of Philadelphia, who have twice been matched to fight, met in a boxing match. Mitchell took a seat and after a long wait Keenan tripped nimbly up the steps and slipped off his coat and hat. Capt. Emory carefully examined the gloves so as to satisfy himself they were not stuffed with hard substances. He would not permit a referee to act for the men, and kept a close watch to prevent the sparring from becoming too wicked. At the word both men were upon their feet in an instant, and a second later they were shaking hands in the center of the platform. As they stood together they made a very fair showing. Mitchell appeared the slimmest, although he balanced the beam at 131 lbs, against 120 of his antagonist. They were nearly the same height and about equally developed. Each wore white trunks. Mitchell showed his tactics in the first round, and he followed them up to the close of the contest. They were to avoid as much punishment as possible by dancing out of the way of his antagonist's right hand. Keenan kept in the center of the circle and maneuvered to save his wind and get in that one awful c.i. that knocks a man out. But he did not do it. In the first round, after the preliminaries, Mitchell led out at Keenan's face, but the blow was warded off neatly. Then there was an exchange of compliments on the side of the head, which did no hurt. As they drew away from each other after the close countering Keenan struck Mitchell in the breast a blow that sent him against the ropes, but instead of following up his advantage he permitted his opponent to recover. Mitchell quickly sought the eastern side of the stage, where he was followed. Keenan made another effort to send him against the ropes, but failed. His guard was not good, and Mitchell planted a square blow upon Keenan's nose that entitled him to the first blood. The round ended by close fighting and light blows. The second round proved decidedly interesting.

Mitchell seemed very confident after having "felt" his man in the first round. Both made some very clever dodges of hard blows, and they closed twice, with no injury to each other. Mitchell received a couple of light taps in the face, and the round closed with the crowd denouncing the exhibition as "no good," "a monkey shine" and other epithets that neither sound nor read well. When the men stepped to the scratch in the third round it was noticeable that Mitchell's exercise was telling upon him. He was wet with perspiration, while Keenan seemed cool, although he puffed considerably. Keenan led off with a wicked blow, but Mitchell ducked his head and slid out of reach in a clean manner. Keenan tried to follow his man up, and in return received a stinging blow on the breast that sent him back a few feet. Mitchell forced him then and administered a couple of taps with the open glove upon his face. Keenan did not seem to mind this, but made a pass at Mitchell, who went dancing around the stage. When he reached the ropes at the southern end Keenan made a vigorous thrust with his right at Mitchell's face, but the latter slipped away, and Keenan fell against the ropes himself. He was slow in recovering, but notwithstanding this Mitchell made no attempt to force him over. The men then took position in the center of the stage and banged at each other's head until time was called, no damage being done. The last round was a little more spiced than the rest, and approached nearer to slugging. Keenan smiled confidently, and while forcing his opponent around the circle, received a tap on the nose for his temerity. There was a nice exhibition, though brief, of fast short-arm fighting, but each dodged the other's blows quickly and escaped punishment. Finally they stood in and exchanged courtesies in each other's face in wicked style. Both were in for it, and Capt. Emory kept his eyes riveted upon a noisy fellow in the gallery. After a half dozen face-blows they broke, and Keenan moved out of reach. Mitchell followed, and just as they came together again, and the mill was becoming interesting, time was called and the exhibition was over. Mitchell in this round received a stinger that made itself apparent in the claret that flowed from his nose. The men took positions in their corners, ready for the word again, but the fight was declared ended, and the sparring skipped nimbly off the stage, neither being punished to an extent that would decide which was the best man.

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In future the columns of the GAZETTE will close on Thursday in lieu of Friday as heretofore. Advertisers will please send copy in by Thursday morning of each week to insure prompt insertion for current number.

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CAMPAIGN GOODS.—E. Nason & Co., 120 Fulton St., New York, whose offers for Badges, Uniforms, Torches, etc., will be found elsewhere, are, we are advised, an old established house of excellent reputation and can be relied upon.

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OFFICE OF THE STANDARD JEWELRY CO.
Manufacturers and Importers of
FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,
No. 653 Broadway,
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Yours Truly
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The "N. Y. Weekly News," the largest and cheapest weekly published, will be sent from now to Dec. 1, 1894, for 25 CENTS. Greatest offer ever made by a newspaper, containing 12 pages every week. Special sensational articles, sporting, etc. Takes 8 hours to read its 72 columns every week. Every one will find something personally interesting in it. Send 25 cents and try it until Dec. 1st. 25 Park Row, N. Y.

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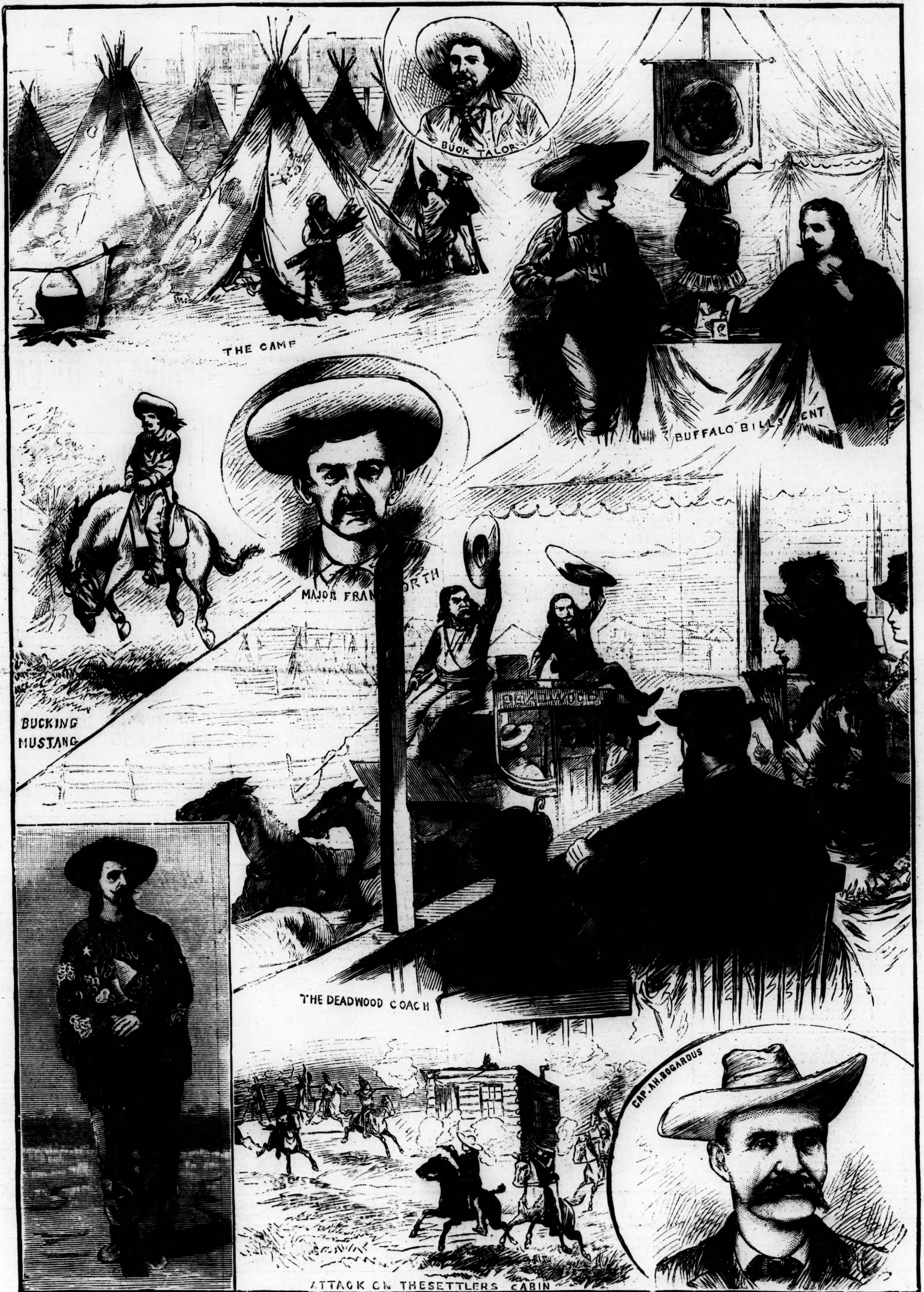
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